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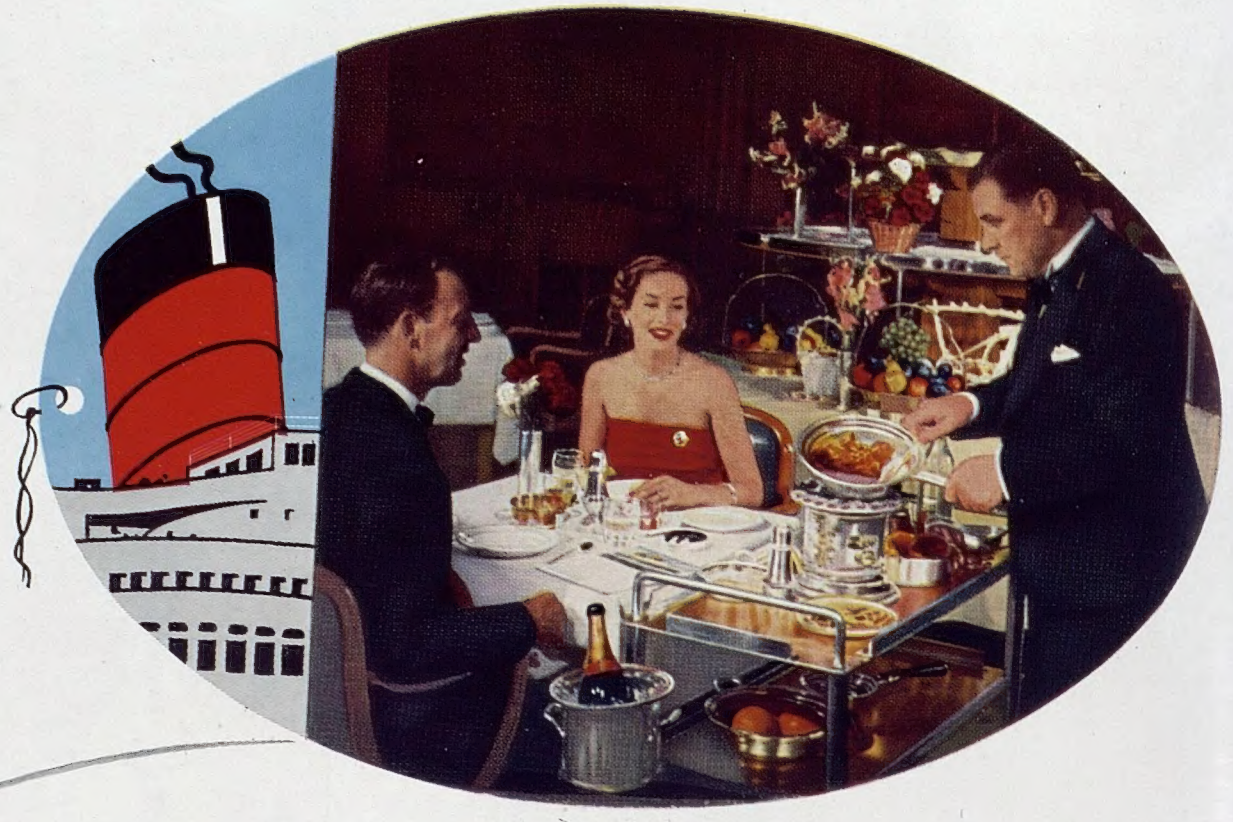

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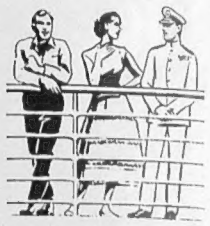

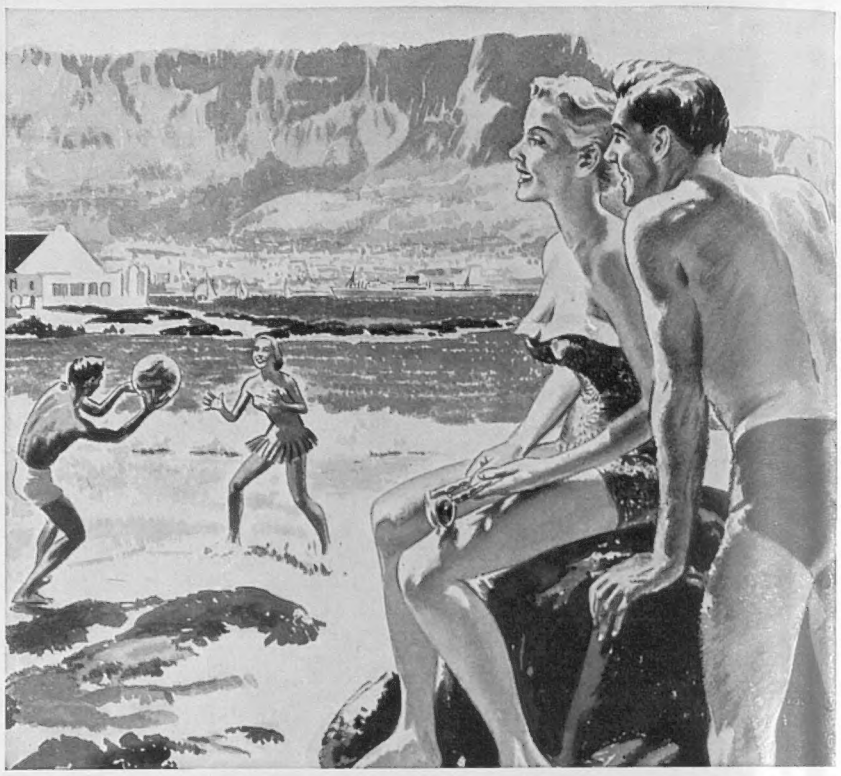

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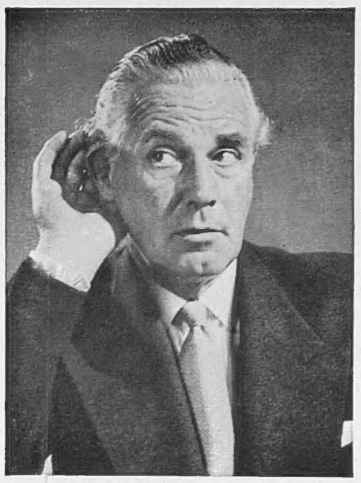


Hearing all about Sir Timothy's trip,

John Graham had an idea. He had never seen Sir Timothy looking so tired as when the doctor had sent him away last April. He had never seen Sir Timothy looking so jaunty as now he was back in the office. Sir Timothy's sea voyage round Africa had set him up wonderfully. So . . .

You see, John Graham, Senior Partner, was on the point of retirement. He and his wife were building a house in Devon. But by Graham's retirement date the house was not going to be finished.

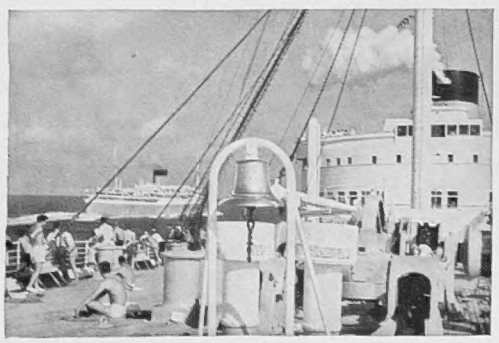
The Grahams' alternatives were (a) to camp in a nearby hotel and nag the architect and builder, or (b) to go right away. After listening to Sir Timothy, Graham took his wife for a stroll up Bond Street to the Union-Castle offices, and the decision was made.

They would go right away—in fact to Cape Town and back, with two weeks 'shore leave'.

South into six weeks sunshine

There was a mid-November fog in London the Thursday they left Waterloo for the 'Stirling Castle'. They were in bright sunshine off the coast of Portugal by lunch-time on the Saturday, and swimming off the rocks at Reid's Hotel in Madeira during the afternoon trip ashore on Sunday. The 'Stirling Castle' did the Grahams proud in that fortnight. They toasted and tanned, they bathed and basked. They saw films, they danced, they experimented with items of Union-Castle cuisine such as John Graham had previously only encountered at City banquets.

When they got to Cape Town, the Grahams heard that the carpenters were in at the house. The decorators were in while they were at the Rest Camp in the Hluhluwe Game Reserve in Natal, with spools of exciting colour film already in their luggage. Back to Cape Town, with two more weeks of the easy shipboard life to look forward to. New friends and old friends. Mountains of luggage without extra charge. Round-the-clock Union-Castle service.



Their house was ready for occupation when they got back. It was a ritual moment when they turned on the heating to warm themselves back to South Atlantic comfort.

What have the Grahams lost? A lot of lines from their faces. Gained? Well, in six weeks, they say, they have caught up with twenty years' arrears of sleep, warmth, sunshine, reading and regular meals. Incidentally, by going and coming back on the dates they chose, they came in for the seasonal 'Quick Trip' reductions* in Union-Castle First Class Fares, and they are £100 and more in pocket as a result. They were grateful to Sir Timothy (now Senior Partner) for the tip. They tipped him back—a case of the excellent South African liqueur, Van der Hum.

** There are similar fare reductions if you travel First Class by the 'Stirling Castle', leaving Southampton in June and November next year.*

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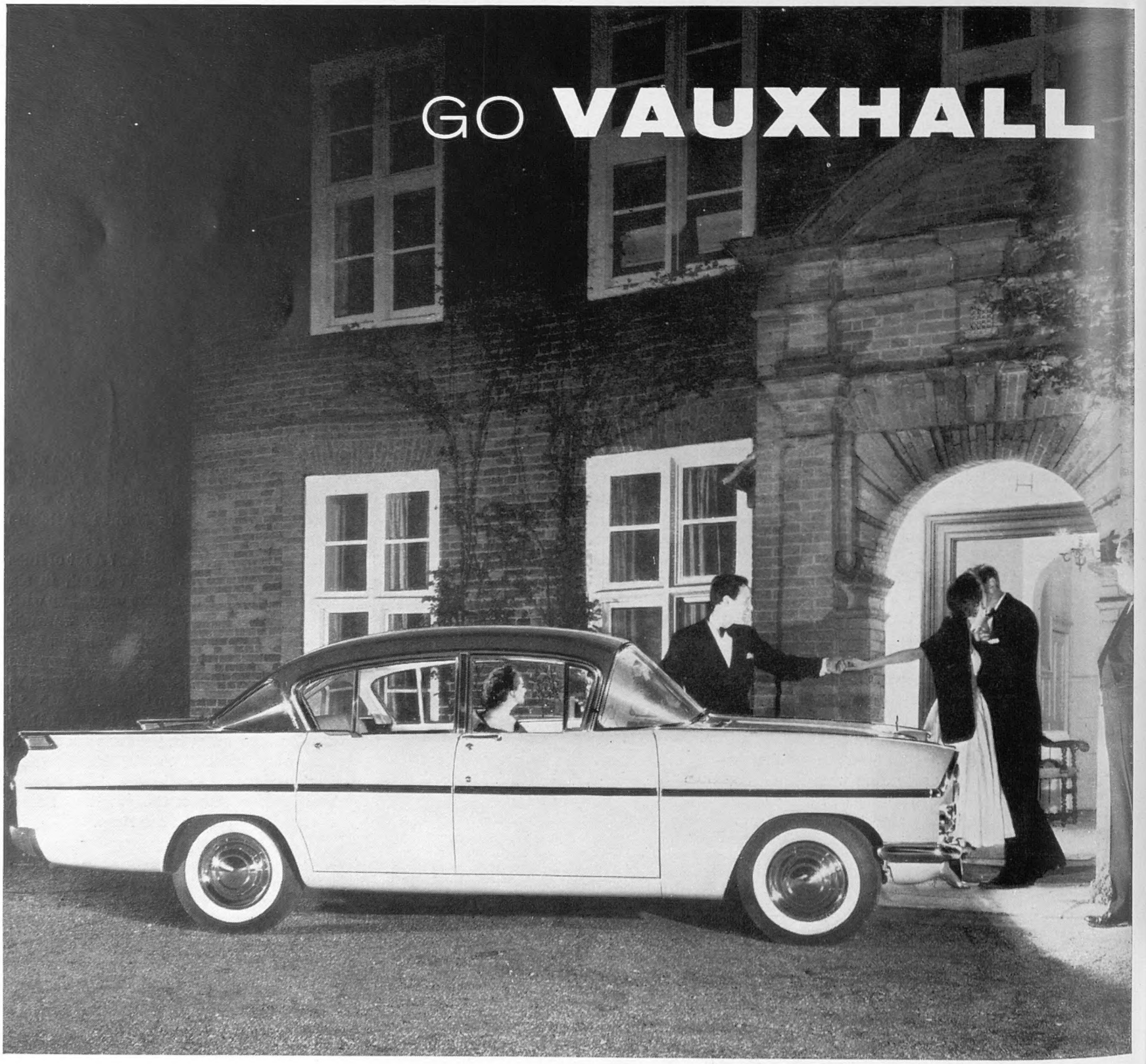

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Volume CCXXXV No. 3060

The SPHERE, London, November 22, 1958

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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TROUBLE IN THE MIDDLE EAST— KING HUSSEIN IS CONGRATULATED AFTER HIS ESCAPE OVER SYRIA: At the Royal Palace, in Amman, from left in the foreground, are Said Mufti, Speaker of the Upper House of the Jordanian Parliament, and King Hussein. The young King received members of his Parliament who went to congratulate him on his safe return after an incident in the air near Damascus. The popularity of King Hussein was demonstrated by the cheering crowds in the streets of Amman.

During King Hussein's flight over Syria to Europe for a holiday, he was ordered to land at Damascus. On his refusal two Syrian Mig jet aircraft, the King reported, attacked his aeroplane as he returned to Amman. Neither the Syrian Government nor Colonel Nasser offered any immediate apologies. Earlier reports had suggested that clearance for the King's aircraft had been arranged by Signor Spinelli, the U.N. Secretary-General's special representative in Amman. But Mr. Hammarskjöld said that the U.N. " was in no way approached regarding clearance for the aircraft of King Hussein over Syria." The Prime Minister of Jordan, Samir Rifai, said that all airports along the route had been notified on the previous day. It appeared far from certain that Jordan had complied with all the formalities of requesting clearance or had told the Syrians that the plane contained King Hussein. It was announced later that Queen Zein, King Hussein's mother, was returning to Amman with two other members of the Royal Family, in an aircraft which would pass over Syria. On Monday last trouble flared up in another Middle East area. Reports from Sudan stated that General Ibrahim Abboud, C.-in-C. of the Army, had seized power from the Government of Mr. Abdullah Khalil. (Further pictures from the Middle East on pages 292-293.)

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OFF TO NEW BARRACKS: Men of the 2nd Battalion, Scots Guards, march from Chelsea Barracks en route to Victoria Station at the start of their journey to Shorncliffe, in Kent. They are going to Shorncliffe to form part of the 1st Guards Brigade, the spearhead of the nation's emergency force. Last week men of the 1st Battalion left England to go to Germany to join the 4th Guards Brigade near Düsseldorf. (A further picture of the Scots Guards appears on page 289.)

RESTORED TO ITS OLD HOME: In the treaty room of the Jacobean panelling is being replaced. It was removed Empire State Building, New York. In Coronation Year it its old home. In the Old Treaty House, King Charles I

A London Newsletter

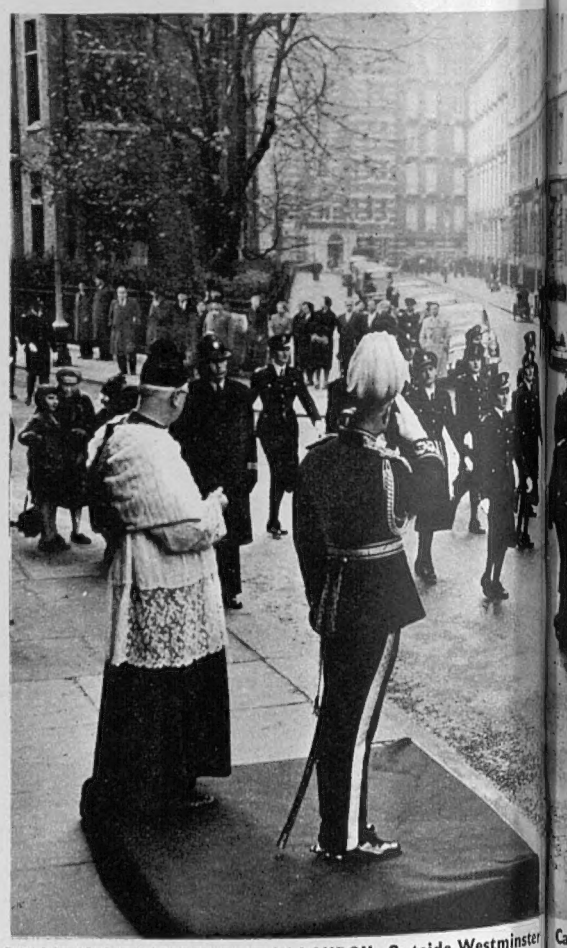
195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

On His Lawful Occasion.—King Hussein has enhanced his popularity in Jordan, temporarily at least, at the expense of his holiday. The whole truth of the incident is not yet known, but there is no doubt that his plane, piloted by a Briton and not by himself, was passing over Syrian territory, on notice given and on its lawful occasions, when it was ordered to land at Damascus, and on refusal and a turn back to Jordan, it was chased and buzzed, if not shot at, by MiG fighters from Syria across the Jordan border. Incidents and misunderstandings of this kind are not confined to the Middle East. They occur between nations in a more settled state of civilisation and the façade of civilisation is usually maintained by a prompt promise to investigate and punish any proven offenders. But in the Hussein incident, no such veneer was preserved. From Syria, a patent lie. From Nasser, the master and spokesman of the United Arab Republic, nothing. Perhaps his authority is less than he supposed. Perhaps his voice was choked by disappointment. But the voice of Cairo was perhaps justified in suggesting that the whole incident provided a percentage of farce.

Desperate Remedies.—The decision to provide arms to all British civilians in Cyprus who ask for them seems to me a desperate remedy, especially when we remember the official attitude in Britain to the possession by a civilian of even a "souvenir" revolver without ammunition. That "attitude" has resulted in the official "appropriation" without compensation of an immense quantity of private property. Both islands, the large and the small, have become in different degrees places where citizens go about in peril and might be forgiven for carrying arms for defence. For both in England and Cyprus crimes of violence are daily occurrences and all too many go unpunished. We do not, of course, appreciate the difficulties of detection and apprehension in these two overcrowded islands, especially against criminals who plan carefully, act with the utmost brutality and secrecy, and have the protection afforded by the fear of eye-witnesses to come forward and testify, the fear of reprisals by the criminal gangs. Nevertheless, this latest desperate remedy in Cyprus, while it has general approval, frightens me. The innocent, trigger-happy from nervousness, are quite likely to shoot each other or themselves, and they are unlikely to be rendered calmer and more confident by the Governor's latest assurance that all measures for their safety will be taken. It comes, after other such assurances, rather late in the day. Sir Hugh Foot is a brave man in an ugly assignment, but things were a little better under Harding, and the mixture of appeasement and rigour has not paid out. For my part, since the innocent majority of Cypriots continues to refuse to co-operate adequately to end this foul bloodbath, I should have thought a twenty-four-hour and continuous curfew might be considered until the Cypriot population was starved into co-operation. Force alone can never do the job. The islanders must save themselves by 100 per cent. co-operation with the forces of order. Perhaps they may be more disposed to co-operate as a result of other measures affecting their purses which are now being put into force.

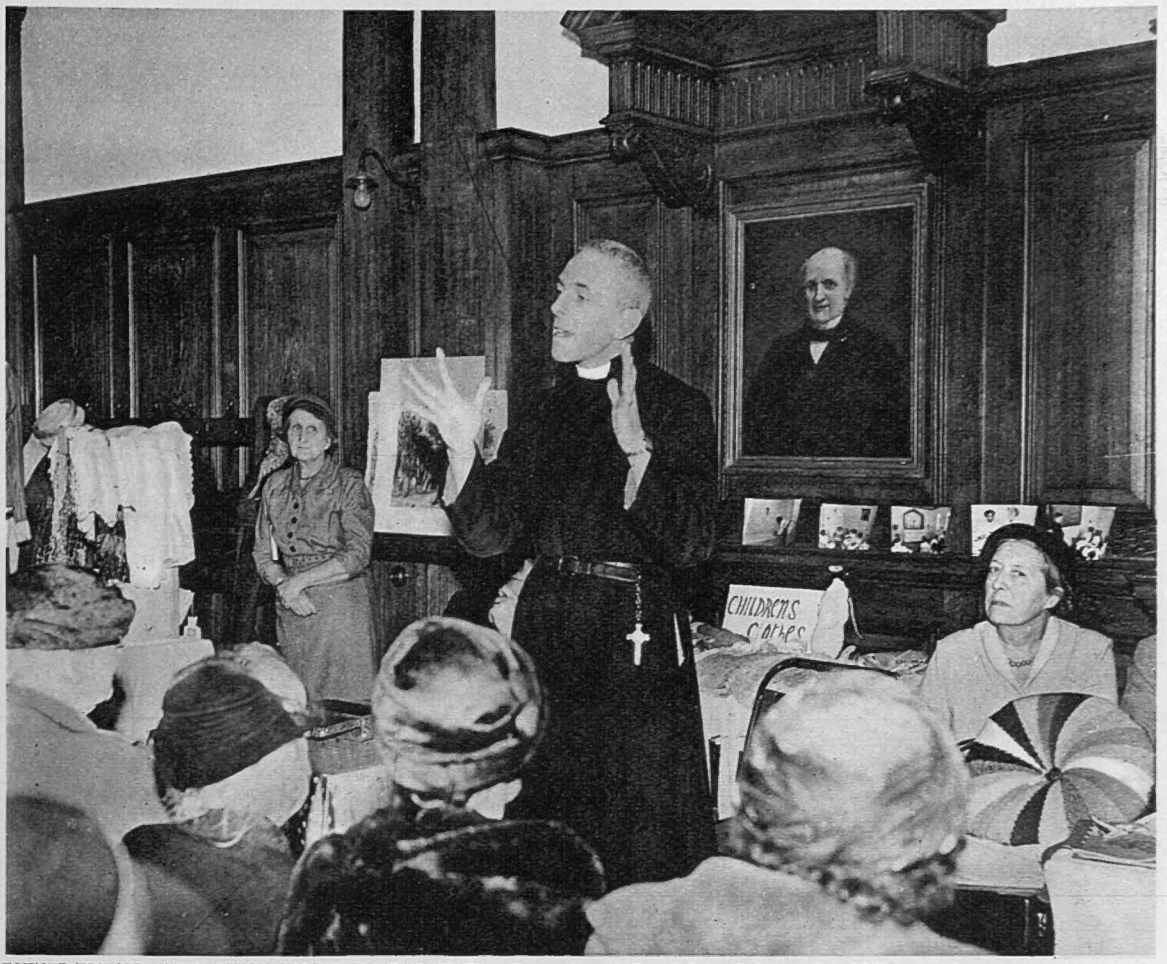
Boldness, Be My Friend.—The few leading City magnates of my acquaintance whom I have ventured to quiz on informal occasions, showed no apprehension over the Government's expansion measures, though I still confess they rather worry *me*. They assure me there is some latitude still for increase in personal consumption, though it must not go too far or inflation is inevitable. They admit the probability of further wage claims and can justify such moderate increases provided they march with increased productivity. They expect unemployment to rise until the spring brings its normal demand for more labour. They see nothing but good in stepping-up house-ownership—on paper or the "never-never" plan. It makes for patriotism and Toryism. They realise that the need for saving is as great as or greater than the need for spending for expansion, but how these two needs can march hand in hand, I cannot see. These pundits bank on the continued strength of the pound. They seem to me to forget history and the power of the imponderables—those sudden, unforeseeable crises, political, military and economic—which so recently have wrecked Chancellors' calculations in a night. In my ignorant view, we are set to walk a tight-rope across the chasm of inflation and shall need all the luck in the world to find ourselves before the next General Election a nation of contented property-owners and not a nation of terrified bankrupts. But (my pundits tell me) the lamentable story of the great U.S. slump, the whines, the suicides and the despair, was not a true picture of the causes or the results of that American tragedy. Anyway, it is Bernard Baruch's "speculation philosophy" that you can't keep Americans down. They quickly bob up higher after a setback. Perhaps it is so with Britons, but we shall need a little bit of luck if we are to expand comfortably this coming winter and spring.

Nationalisation Failure.—The F.B.I., in coming out strong against any further extension of nationalisation by any means, has the easy task of preaching to the converted. A vast majority of the nation to-day—not excluding an unknown number of Socialists who once clamoured for it—are convinced or reluctant to admit that it has failed lamentably in two at least of its earliest experiments to make for greater economy and better service to the public. The Railways and the Coal Industry have both grievously fallen down on both these basic objectives. They are a heavy burden on the public purse and by their failures in service to the public have hastened their own ruin, by compelling their clients to turn elsewhere for the services they promised to improve. These are glaring failures, but it is still anybody's guess in what state of prosperity or stagnation these industries would stand to-day if they had remained under private enterprise. Many of the happenings which hit these nationalised industries so hard must have shaken them as free enterprises. All we can safely and surely aver is that industries nationalised have encouraged wage demands, killed local pride, weakened direct control and lowered efficiency. The dangers inherent in monopoly are greater



POLICEWOMEN MARCH PAST IN LONDON: Outside Westminster Mr. Joseph Simpson, Commissioner of the Metropolitan annual Requiem Mass for Roman Catholic members

Crown and Old Treaty House public house at Uxbridge the in 1929, sold to an American and then put in an office in the was presented to the Queen, who ordered it to be restored to signed an abortive treaty with the Parliamentary forces.



FATHER TREVOR HUDDLESTON SPEAKS IN LONDON: The champion of the rights of the native African against Apartheid is seen addressing the visitors at the annual sale of the Transvaal and Southern Rhodesia Missions. Fr. Huddleston is a leading member of the Community of the Resurrection. The Transvaal and Southern Rhodesia Missionary Society is the home association for Anglican Missionaries in that part of Africa, and the sale is its biggest money-raising event.

than those in free enterprise. Nationalisation has not hitherto simplified direction or brought it closer to the workers, and, robbed of the stimulus of competition, the public have been victimised and the industries bogged down. How now? A scrambled egg can never be reassembled. Can it be served up more palatably? We await a convincing case for nationalisation and more of it.

Scotch it for Ever.—The leader-writers tell us for our comfort not to be unduly cast down by the slow progress of the nuclear-test conference at Geneva. In Russian diplomacy, a year is as a day. Mr. Tsarapkin appears to reverse that formula. His draft treaty demands that all States shall halt nuclear tests immediately and for ever. No ca'canny in that on his side. Of course, he is suspect to the West. The Russians want to keep the nuclear club select, and to blackball France, Germany and Sweden. Or they see an advantage to themselves in freezing nuclear development as it stands to-day among the Big Three, having possibly a recently-found winner up their sleeve. The leader-writers and experts say that "for ever" and "all nations" are meaningless terms in any such treaty, because treaties, even if kept, can only pledge public opinion for a generation at most. Well, then, if the Russians are willing to sponsor, as they say they are, the building up of a sound inspection system, there seems less objection to the inclusion in a treaty of "for ever," especially since its rejection by the West swings uninformed world opinion, in its blind terror of nuclear warfare, in favour of Russia as the only sincere peace-maker. If "for ever" means no more and no less than "until someone cheats," its inclusion is harmless enough. For suspension for even a year requires an efficient system of inspection to disclose cheating. So why strain at a gnat? Why not swallow the camel and chalk up a first advance after all these years with credit to all members of the suicide club?

Cathedral members of the Women's Police Force march past Police. The parade of men and women took place after the of the Police Force who died in the two world wars.

General Election Fidgets.—The shadow of the coming General Election is clearly falling over the House of Commons and giving Members the fidgets. Each side suspects the other of pulling a fast one for election purposes, and charges and counter-charges are being exchanged on slender evidence. The Opposition dislikes or fears the "build-up" of the Premier's reputation and charges his growing score to "extras," and not to his own bat. The proposal to abolish Clause 88 (cars at elections) gave to the Opposition the inevitable handle which had far better not been made available just now. Then Mr. Gordon Walker started a hare which certainly needed running down. Without actually charging three Government Departments with using their facilities for Tory party purposes, he suggested that Government property had been used and disguised to send out a pamphlet in the Tory interest. The official investigation, properly ordered by the Prime Minister, found that "no one in the public service has made any official facilities available with the conscious purpose of assisting the distribution of the pamphlet." And, finally, the timing of the Government's generous plea for enlarging the scope of our new Never-Never freedoms in the matter of 95 per cent. mortgage terms for buying the cheaper houses was certain to be criticised as an election stunt, even if the conditions are not intended or likely to be as generous and rash as they seem to me. In short, the big fight is already stirring-up feelings and tempers at the ringside, and I am not at all sure these customary fidgets should be altogether discounted. Even a strong Government is not guaranteed against a few weaker agents and foolish fellows who may act unwisely off their own bats. A very small indiscretion may lead to a serious explosion.

O.K. for a Modern Trend.—No doubt, there are many plays about homosexuals already written and only awaiting the removal of the Lord Chamberlain's ban. Now that the O.K. is signalled, we can expect many more. Lord Scarbrough has decided that homosexuality is now so common and normal a subject of polite and family conversation that it can no longer be denied to the theatre. Oddly enough, there are still many family circles which do not choose this topic in family conversation and are even embarrassed when the B.B.C. does so. And there are several judges who continue to condemn that Wolfenden clause. Victorians and stuffy? Well, perhaps. . . . And yet one need not be a Victorian to view the prospect with despondency. Homosexuality, as a subject of novels and plays, can be boring in the extreme, for egotism is boring, and homosexual writers seem to me predominantly egotists, to judge by recent publications. There is, moreover, something mildly comic in the Lord Chamberlain's dignified withdrawal step by step from his "last ditches." One by one, the expletive "bloody," Queen Victoria and unnatural vice have been conceded to the enemy Progress, as fit and proper for the stage; and the Lord Censor of Plays may soon be heralded as in advance of his time, and certainly of the Government in the liberality of his views; as the patron of "serious" dramatists and playgoers, instead of the museum-piece obstructionist of modern thought and expression. But I hope he will not make the enfranchised dramatists *too* serious. One need not be a prude to register that hope.

Woolbeding.—Among recent properties accepted by the Treasury in lieu of estate duty cash—and handed over to the National Trust—is Woolbeding, near Midhurst, with 1,200 acres and three farms. The public is entitled to a more accurate history of this charming estate than any I read in the Press last week. I spent some of the happiest days of my youth there and know something about it. Listed as a "perfect manor" in Domesday Book, it was long occupied by the Hampshire family of Mill and was bought by Lord Robert Spencer, who was still living there in 1828 when Creevey stayed there and wrote a pleasant account of it. From Lord Robert it passed to his daughter who married George Ponsonby, and from them to their daughter who married a son of the 6th Earl of Carlisle, created Lord Lanerton. It was Lady Lanerton who left it to Colonel and Mrs. Henry Lascelles about a century later than "1790," the date given as its ownership by the Lascelles family. Still to-day, as a century and more ago, Woolbeding possesses in good shape its famous fountain—once at Cowdray and ascribed to Cellini or John of Bologna—and its famous tulip tree, and inside the house, which will not be open to the public, is much fine old English furniture, rare books and scores of Lady Di Beauclerk's charming sketches. Only in very recent years has its matchless setting of hill and woods and river begun to be disturbed by building development, and even to-day it is very much as Creevey saw it. Apropos to this, it is perhaps worth repeating that when the Treasury accept a property in lieu of death-duty cash, it is opting for the taxpayer a new "pleasure ground" in lieu of the distant prospect of a fraction of a 1d. off income tax. There must be instances among such accepted properties where the burdened taxpayer might prefer to take the cash and let the manor go. Has he adequate representation before the decision is made? (*Pictures of Woolbeding will be found on page 308.*)

THE OLD STAGER

COMMEMORATION AND AMALGAMATION

Ceremonies in Town and Country

PARADED FOR THE LAST TIME: At the Regimental Depot at Tidworth, in Wiltshire, the standard of the First King's Dragoon Guards is paraded. After the Guards' amalgamation with the Queen's Bays, their name will be First the Queen's Dragoon Guards.

JEWISH EX-SERVICEMEN AND WOMEN HOLD THEIR ANNUAL PARADE AND REMEMBRANCE SERVICE: On Horse Guards Parade in London, Lieut.-General Sir Brian Horrocks walks past the banner-bearers during his inspection of the parade. *On right*—Sir Brian is seen passing down the line of women representatives. About 4,000 Jewish ex-Servicemen and women assembled for the annual remembrance service which this year was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Isaac Levy, senior Jewish Chaplain to the Forces. He took the place of the Chief Rabbi, who was unwell. After the service, contingents marched to Whitehall and wreaths were laid on the Cenotaph. The parade takes place each year on the Sunday after Remembrance Day.

On left—

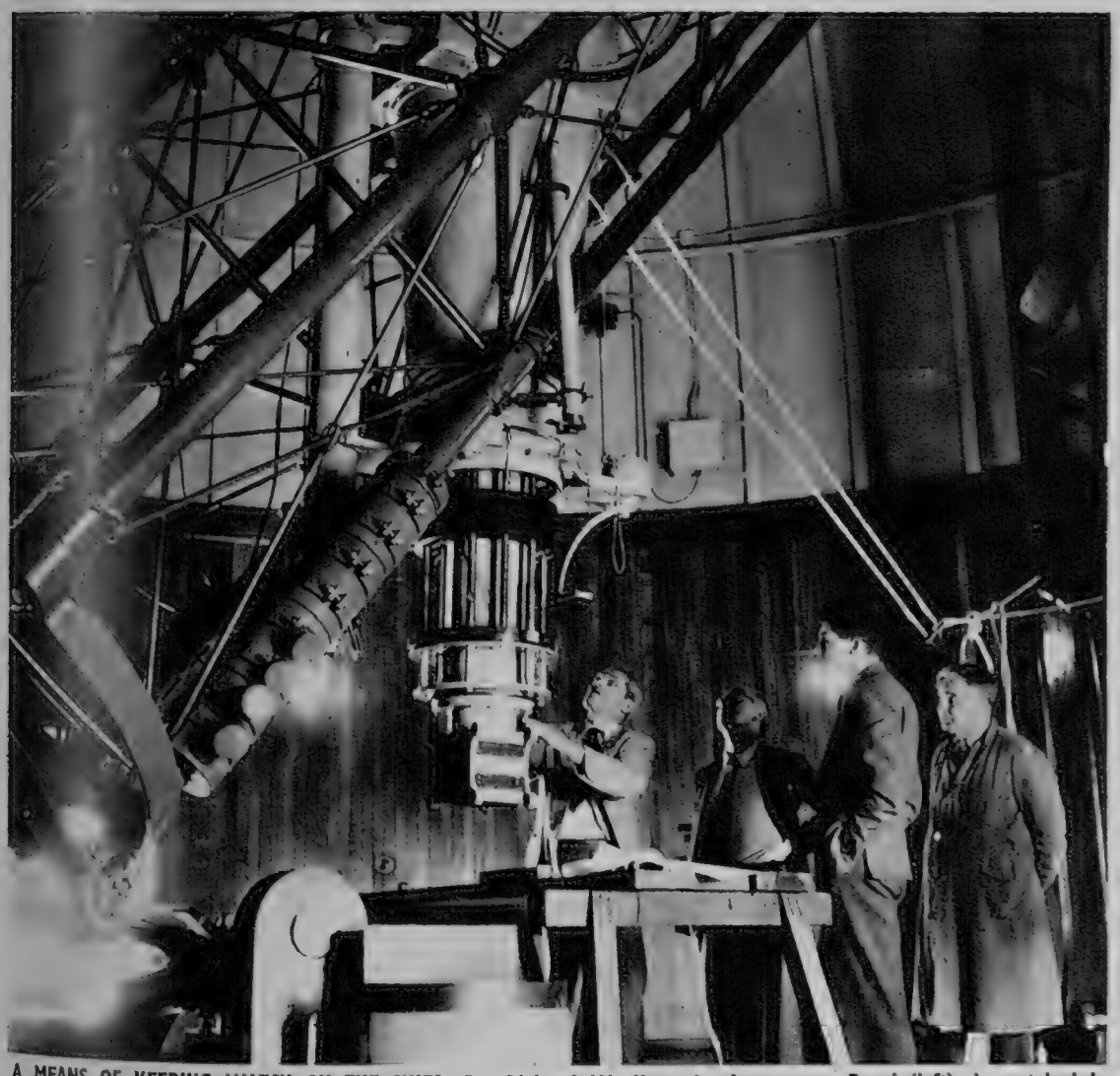
COMMISSIONING PARADE AT ALDERSHOT: General Sir Hugh Stockwell presents one of the cadets with a silver-mounted officer's cane in the parade at the Mons Officer Cadet School during which General Stockwell took the salute. The cadet is J. B. Emson, Northamptonshire Regiment.

MARCHING PAST IN THE CITY OF LONDON: The Lord Mayor, Sir Harold Gillett, takes the salute as veterans of the 1914-18 war march past after the annual memorial service and church parade of serving members and old comrades of the City of London Regiments of the Royal Artillery at St. Lawrence Jewry. The service was conducted by the vicar, the Rev. J. F. D. Trimingham, who is also Chaplain to the Lord Mayor. After the service, wreaths were laid on the regimental memorial outside the church.

THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY

The Duke of Edinburgh Visits the New Headquarters at Herstmonceux, in Sussex

ONE OF THE BEST-KNOWN INSTITUTIONS IN THE WORLD: The bee-hive structure in the left foreground is part of the new Equatorial Group of telescopes in the main Astronomical Block at the Royal Observatory at Herstmonceux Castle, which stands in a hollow in the right background. The recently-completed transfer of the Royal Observatory from Greenwich to Sussex was made because of the increasing noise and lights of London.



A MEANS OF KEEPING WATCH ON THE SKIES: Dr. Richard Woolley, the Astronomer Royal (left), is watched by several of the members of the engineering staff as he handles a telescope in one of the new domes. The instrument is the 28-in. refractor, the only one in the new Equatorial Block used for direct observation.

The decision to move the headquarters of the Royal Observatory from Greenwich to Herstmonceux was taken after the Second World War when it was thought necessary to move the complex instruments—some of the most precise in the world—away from the noise and lights of London. The transfer was finally completed in April, and last week the Duke of Edinburgh, who has always taken a great interest in the activities of the Observatory, visited the fifteenth-century castle of Herstmonceux. His Royal Highness saw the Solar Dome, where he observed sun-spots and solar flares through one of the large telescopes. The transfer to Sussex took a number of years to complete. This was due to the fact that the grounds of the castle had to be prepared for various additional technical buildings and also because the Observatory's instruments, which are often in use for twenty-four hours of the day, could only be moved according to a carefully-planned programme.

DOUBLE IMAGE: One of the telescope domes of the Equatorial Group is clearly reflected in a pond at the Observatory, which was visited by the Duke of Edinburgh last week.

A ROYAL VISIT: The Duke of Edinburgh walks through the grounds accompanied by the Astronomer Royal. They are followed by members of the Observatory staff.

OUT IN THE FIELDS

The English Hunting Season Gets Under Way

On right—

THE OPENING MEET OF THE COTSWOLD: In its centenary year the Hunt assembles for its first meet of the season at Cotswold Park, near Rendcomb, in Gloucestershire. As the hounds move off the Hunt is led by the Master, Sir Hugh Arbuthnot, who is followed by Mr. John Shedden, the Field Master. A few days after the opening meet the Cotswold Hunt centenary ball was held at Cheltenham and Sir Hugh was presented with a silver cigarette-box engraved with the names of previous Masters. Sir Hugh has been Master and Huntsman of the Cotswold since 1952.

WITH THE PYTCHLEY: After the meet at Brixworth, Northants, seventy-six-year-old Mr. P. W. Thomson waits for the Hunt to pass before following in his gig. It is drawn by Broughton Surprise, a chestnut cob who has been shown for over thirty years.

IN THE MAIN STREET OF A WORCESTERSHIRE TOWN: Watched by a big crowd, the North Cotswold Foxhounds move off after their opening meet at the Lygon Arms in the main street of Broadway. The Hunt is ninety years old and the country is adjacent to the Cotswold.

On left—

MOVING OFF: From Stoneleigh Abbey, at Kenilworth, in Warwickshire, the pack moves off after the first meet of the North Warwickshire Foxhounds. They are led by Mr. F. Angless (right), the Huntsman, and Mr. F. Hazeltine, the Whipper-in. Stoneleigh Abbey is the seat of Lord Leigh.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

POLLING IN EAST GERMANY: Herr Ulbricht, the Secretary-General of the East German Communist Party and a Deputy Prime Minister, places his voting paper in the ballot-box in East Berlin. Last Sunday the population of East Germany went to the polls to elect the People's Chamber and fourteen District Assemblies, except in East Berlin, where voting was only for the Sector Parliament. Everywhere voting was made easy. The elector was presented with a single list compiled by the Communist-led National Front. All he or she had to do was to drop it unmarked into the box. Thus it was expected that almost "unanimous" approval would be obtained for Herr Ulbricht and his Party's nominees.

THE ELECTIONS IN HUNGARY: Dr. Ferenc Munnich, the Hungarian Prime Minister, meets workers at Székesfehérvár during his pre-election tour. As in East Germany, polling took place last Sunday. Also a similar procedure in the voting booth was followed. The voter was presented with three papers of different colours—one for Parliament, one for the District Council and one for the Local Council. On each was a list of names selected by the Communist-controlled People's Patriotic Front. The new Parliament will differ from its predecessor only in size and individuals. On his tour the Prime Minister explained that the result of the election would make no difference to the composition of the Government.

AN ACADEMIC HONOUR FOR DR. SYNGMAN RHEE: The President of Southern Korea sits to receive an honorary degree at the University of Saigon. He was on a two-day visit to South Viet Nam. Among his other engagements he addressed the South Viet Namese National Assembly. Dr. Rhee sprang to world prominence during the Korean War. He is now serving his third term as South Korean President. He was first elected to office in 1948, before the war, and re-elected in 1952 and 1956.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER IN ETHIOPIA: They are being received on their arrival in Addis Ababa by the Emperor Haile Selassie in the Imperial Palace. After a day's delay due to fog, they had flown from London for their twelve-day tour of Ethiopia, Somaliland and Aden. While in Addis Ababa the Duke laid a wreath at the British military cemetery in memory of the Commonwealth Servicemen who fell in the wartime campaign of 1940–41, in which the Italians were driven out of Ethiopia.

A VITAL CATCH "SOMEWHERE IN THE ATLANTIC": The arrow points to a globular object in the net being hauled up from the sea. According to the information released with the picture by the U.S. Air Force Ballistic Division, the globe is a capsule containing recording instruments from a ballistic missile fired at 10,000 miles an hour on a flight reaching more than 200 miles into space. Similar strange "catches" have been reported elsewhere in the Atlantic, including one off the coast of Barbados.

ABLAZE AT SEA: Smoke pours from the British freighter *Forresbank* as she is held on the rocks below the steep cliffs of the wild coast near Port St. John's, in Cape Province, South Africa. She had been abandoned by her crew after fire broke out in her engine-room far out in the Indian Ocean and had drifted southwards. The crew, numbering fifty-five, were rescued by the Ellerman Line passenger-liner M.V. *City of York*. One Indian seaman died of burns before they reached Durban.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

FLOODS IN NORTHERN ITALY: In St. Mark's Square, in Venice, pedestrians splash through the water covering the pavement. After four days of heavy rain the level of the lagoon at Venice rose rapidly. In lower Venetia and in Ferrara province about 2,000 acres of land were flooded. The level of the River Po was nearly up to the danger-line, and was mounting quickly in the lower reaches. Heavy rain and snow in the mountains were causing its tributaries to rise swiftly. In the Polesine serious concern was felt. A wind of 60 m.p.h. was blowing at the end of last week. Rough seas caused two dykes to break on the island of Donzella and near Scardovari. Three villages were submerged and inhabitants in the area and their cattle were removed. There was heavy rain over most of Italy.

IN THE PO DELTA: In the village of Goro, schoolchildren leave their lessons and walk across planks and stones over the flooded street. Storms and river water deluged the village last week.

THE END OF THE FLAT-RACING SEASON: The tapes go up in murky weather for the November Handicap at Manchester on the last day of the flat-racing season. Paul Jones, ridden by J. Mercer and owned by Colonel P. L. M. Wright, was visible through the fog only to those near the rails as he led the field at the finish to win by two lengths from Donna Lolla. It was the winner's sixth victory of the season and fourth in succession.

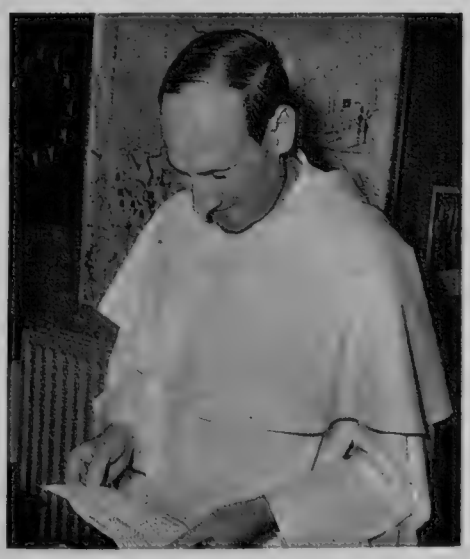
THE FINISH OF THE WASHINGTON INTERNATIONAL STAKES: Tudor Era, an English-bred American entry for the big race, passes the post on the Laurel Park course in Maryland, U.S.A., three-and-a-half lengths ahead of the Australian, Sailor's Guide, and the Irish colt, Ballymoss (extreme left). After an objection the judges named the Australian horse the winner. Tudor Era was second and Ballymoss third.

CROYDON AIRPORT TO CLOSE DOWN: A Tiger Moth of the Surrey Flying Club comes in to land at the aerodrome which is to be closed on December 31 of this year. In the House of Commons, Mr. Airey Neave, Joint Parliamentary Secretary of the Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation, said a conditional concession to commercial users would be granted. For a limited period, the Minister was prepared to allow Croydon to remain open while there would be a progressive running-down of operations, concurrent with the transfer of tenants to other airfields.

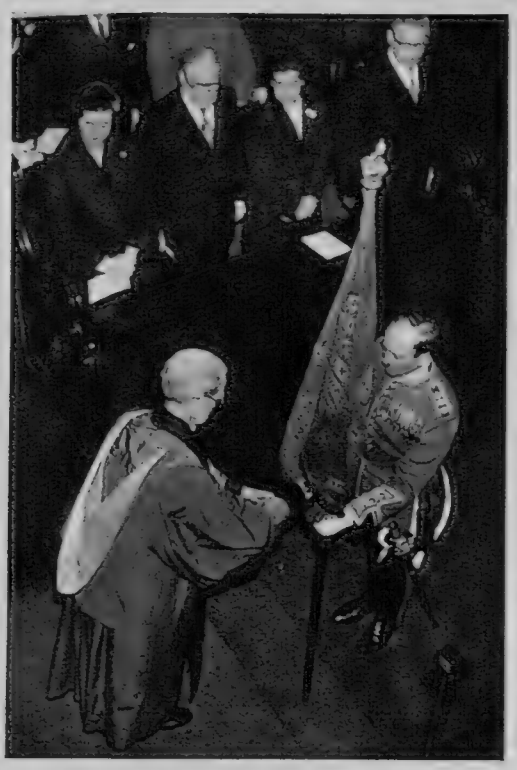
CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS IN LONDON: In Regent Street two giant lanterns, each 7 ft. high, are already suspended on the side of a building, while others await their turn to be lifted into position by a mobile hydraulic lift. They are part of the brilliant Christmas decorations now traditional in this famous London shopping area. Each of the decorative lanterns is covered with multi-coloured stars. They will be linked by fairy lights. The il uminations are due to be switched on on November 27.

PRINCE PHILIP AT THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS: He is seen at luncheon in the Society's Council Chamber in London. On his left is Sir Alfred Bossom, M.P., Chairman of the Society, and on his right, the Earl of Radnor, a former Chairman. Prince Philip is President of the Society and after the luncheon he inspected the extension of the Society's premises in John Adam Street off the Strand. Above the mantelpiece is a portrait of the Duke of Connaught, a former President, by Philip de Laszlo. This was the last portrait to be painted by the artist.

SHETLAND TREASURES ON SHOW: At an exhibition in the British Museum, London, of treasures found on St. Ninian's island, in the Shetlands, are, from the left: Professor A. C. O'Dell, who was in charge of the excavations, Mr. R. M. Organ and Mr. D. M. Wilson, both officials of the Museum, and Dr. H. J. Plenderleith, Keeper of the department of Research Laboratory at the Museum, which was responsible for cleaning all the finds. The treasure, which will be on show until the beginning of next month, was discovered last July. The items are of silver and date from the eighth century. The collection is said to be the largest of that period to have been found and includes brooches, bowls, horseshoe-shaped strap-ends and three thimble-shaped objects whose purpose has still to be determined. The treasure may have been hidden because of Viking raids on the island. The items, most of which are silver-gilt, were found under a stone upon which was a cross.



THE NOBEL PEACE PRIZE WINNER FOR 1958: Father Georges Pire, a Belgian Dominican, reads the telegram from Oslo informing him that he has been awarded the prize. In 1949 he began his scheme for "European villages," based on close relationship between refugees and those outside their communities. Reaction from Iron Curtain countries is that the award is encouraging "those who betray their fatherland."



THE LAYING UP OF COLOURS: In Crown Court Church, in Covent Garden, the Colours of the 1st Battalion Scots Guards are marched down the centre aisle during a service of dedication to commemorate their laying up. The Colours were carried by the 1st Battalion Scots Guards from 1884 to 1890. They passed into the keeping of Colonel Sir W. J. Gascoigne, who was Lieut.-Colonel commanding the Regiment in 1891, and in 1954 were presented to the Scots Guards by Major-General Sir Julian Gascoigne, late Major-General commanding the Household Brigade. They bear battle honours which were awarded up to 1855.

On left—

THE HANDING-OVER CEREMONY: Colonel W. D. M. Raeburn hands over the Colours to the Rev. J. Moffett, minister of the church. Crown Court is the oldest kirk in London. It was re-established on its present site in 1718.

AN AVIATION MYSTERY IS SOLVED AFTER TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS: Searchers in the Australian Alps, New South Wales, dig round part of the buried wreckage of the airliner *Southern Cross*, which disappeared in 1931. The aircraft, a three-engined Fokker, had no radio. During its flight a storm swept over South-Eastern Australia and a blizzard raged in the Southern Alps. It is thought that this may have so reduced visibility as to cause the *Southern Cross* to crash into dense timber at the top of a 5,000-ft. ridge. The disappearance of the aircraft was followed by an intensive search, but no traces were discovered. The wreckage was found in the vicinity of the Snowy River hydro-electric scheme by one of the men employed on the scheme.

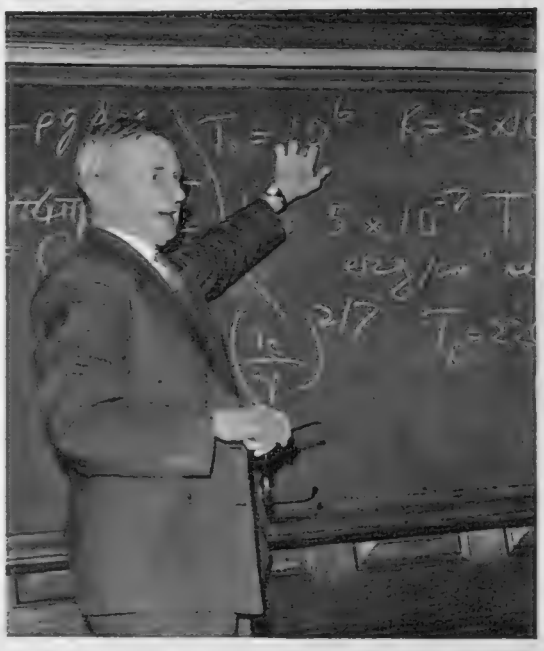
THE NEWS IN PICTURES

A TRIPLE TRAIN COLLISION NEAR SWINDON: On the main line from London to Bristol, travelling cranes lift the wreckage off the lines. The collision occurred at 2 a.m. at Highworth Junction, on the outskirts of Swindon, when the 12.45 a.m. Paddington to Carmarthen newspaper train collided with wagons of a derailed freight train. Shortly afterwards the 3.35 p.m. Fishguard to Paddington freight train ran into the wreckage. The engine and some of the wagons were derailed and the newspaper train was extensively damaged. The first train derailed was the 12.1 Bristol East Depot to Reading freight train. Nine wagons and the engine had left the line. Both the up and down main routes were blocked. Traffic was diverted while the lines were cleared. It was reported that no one was injured. On the same day there was a collision between two freight trains just to the south of Crewe.

TAKING HIS SEAT IN THE LORDS: Lord Boothby is seen with his sponsors, Lord Stanley of Alderley (left) and Lord Brabazon of Tara, at the House of Lords just before he was introduced in the House. Formerly Sir Robert Boothby, Lord Boothby was one of the first Members of Parliament to be created a life peer. He took the title Baron Boothby of Buchan and Rattray Head. In the Commons he sat as the M.P. for East Aberdeenshire from 1924 until last July. Lord Boothby was Parliamentary Secretary to Sir Winston Churchill in the 1930's. During the war he held Government office. He has been a British Delegate to the Consultative Assembly of the Council of Europe and has been prominent in his defence of Scottish fisheries.

On right—

MEETING ON SPACE RESEARCH: Professor S. Chapman, president of the Special Committee of the International Geophysical Year, describes the relationship between sun and earth, with reference to the sun's corona, during a meeting convened by the Royal Society in London.



THE CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN AT A TENNIS MATCH: Prince Akihito (left) leans forward and smiles as he watches a game during a tournament in which he was taking part at Karuizawa, not far from Tokyo. On right is Michiko Shoda, the daughter of a wealthy Japanese industrialist. The Japanese weekly magazine *Shukan Jitsuwa* reported that she might become the bride of Prince Akihito, who will be twenty-five shortly.

THE OPENING OF FINLAND HOUSE, IN LONDON: From left to right are Mr. O. Lindblom, Finnish Deputy Minister of Communications; Mr. L. Tuominen, the Finnish Ambassador; Sir David Eccles, President of the Board of Trade; and Miss E. Saloniemi, an attendant in the Sauna Baths, which are a feature of the new building. Finland House, in the Haymarket, is conceived as a focal point of Anglo-Finnish cultural and commercial interests. It is a private venture sponsored by ten leading timber-working companies in Finland. The Sauna Baths in the basement are open to the public.

AT A FESTIVAL IN BONN: The Emir Fahd al Faisal (centre), a brother of the King of Saudi Arabia, is presented with a cake in the shape of a horse by a German dressed as St. Martin. The St. Martin Festival in Bonn, in Western Germany, dates from the early Middle Ages. The Prince watched from a balcony as 16,000 children marched in procession through the streets. He was visiting West Germany at the invitation of the West German Minister of Economics. St. Martin, after serving in the army under Constantine and Julian in the fourth century A.D., eventually became Bishop of Tours.

World Affairs

Western Germany on a New Footing

By JOHN CONNELL

THE Soviet Union's gross attempt to change the Four-Power status of Berlin was an unexpected development last week. While the East German Government sought to soft pedal its offensiveness to the Western Powers, the Government of the Federal Republic made a firm and quick retort to the move, pointing out that such an act would dangerously increase political tensions in the world and would affect Soviet-German relations. This is the new voice of Western Germany, insistent if not imperious, and it is becoming heard with increasing frequency. The new Germany, we are assured, is only taking her rightful place in the modern world.

An hour or two before dawn on the eleventh day of the eleventh month, forty years after, I sat alone in a stilled and sleeping house trying to assess what, in my lifetime of just under fifty years, the Germans have meant to my country and to the world. I remember —only just—the declaration of war in August 1914. I have a bundle of curiously vivid but fragmented recollections of events in the course of World War I. I was at my preparatory school at Eastbourne on the first Armistice Day; my mother, who was working at a big Army hospital at the foot of the Downs, took the day off and went up to London to see the fun. Then the awed solemnity of successive Remembrance Days at school, the poetry and the pain, the transformation of an experience into a myth, the publication of the memoirs and the histories, the astonishing sleight-of-hand trick by which guilt about the war was changed into guilt about Versailles.

Then the '30's, and Hitler, and appeasement, and the clumsy feeling of one's first battledress. I recalled the faces of the first Afrika Korps prisoners-of-war whom I saw. I remembered the night of Saturday, September 7, 1940, when the orders were issued for "Cromwell," which was the code-word for resistance to invasion. Anyone of my age has a multitude of such memories to ponder. They made themselves felt, with surprising force and poignancy, during President Heuss's recent State visit to the United Kingdom.

Anglo-German relations of some sort there must be: we have defence interests in common, we are rivals in increasingly competitive world markets; the past is over and done with; to-day and to-morrow matter. The State visit, however, was, on the whole, a blunder—a blunder carried off with dignity and courage, but none the less unnecessary and ill-considered. Foreign Office persuasiveness, before and during the visit, was at its most zealous and agreeable. We all did our best to be polite, but there were no welcoming cheers, and the gallant and respectable old man rode out to face an odd and rather sombre silence. Who would have thought that the lackadaisical British felt so deeply or had such obstinately long memories?

Certainly not those, in either country, who planned the visit. It offers a classic example, encouraging in all its aspects, of public opinion refusing to be bulldozed. However much those in authority may believe it to be desirable, an Anglo-German *concordat*, or any attempt to counter-balance recent trends in France by closer connections with the Federal Republic, would run clean contrary to public sentiment. One remarkable facet of the cool popular reception of President Heuss was that there was no campaign of agitation, there was no pressure-group to foster and exploit it. It was completely spontaneous, but it was not in the least demagogic or irresponsible.

That it caused considerable shock and dismay in Germany cannot be doubted. The Germans have recovered their self-assurance—some would call it complacence—to a remarkable degree; but they are also still morbidly sensitive to criticism, especially of their recent past, and on moral grounds. In its present phase this sensitivity takes the form not of the earlier flat disbelief that terrible and irreparable evil was done, over a long period—there is too formidable a weight of evidence on that score—but of a sulky or shrill assertion that everyone else can be, and is, just as bad. A German, reminded however mildly of Auschwitz or Belsen, has only to say, "But look what 's happening in Cyprus, or in Algeria," to feel that he has won the argument. It is still difficult for the majority of Germans to understand —because it is deeply wounding to them to understand—what the people of other nations feel about them. Their own experiences, in defeat and afterwards, have been so traumatic, they have made, and are still making, such arduous efforts to achieve moral, political and economic rehabilitation, that the past for most of them, as individuals and as a community, is a remote nightmare for which they bear little or no responsibility.

"Ah, yes," says an earnest, philosophical-minded business executive in his thirties, "Certainly I was in the Hitler Jugend when I was a boy. How else could I get the sport, the social facilities? We knew nothing about politics, nothing about the criminal acts that were being done."

"You cannot condemn a whole people," says another. "Isn't that what you say the Nazis did about the Jews?"

Occasionally, through the strange and tortuous meshes of international agreements on these matters, a former concentration-camp commandant, executioner or guard appears belatedly for trial in his own country. He has suffered years of imprisonment elsewhere, he has been punished and punished, he is ageing and feeble and timid; the list of his crimes has about it a crazy incredibility. Patiently and sadly the foul story is sifted; the court knows, and the German public knows, that it is foul, but it all happened so long ago and in another world. What connection is there between those horrors of fifteen years ago and the Germany of to-day, peaceful, industrious, law-abiding and democratic?

But what about the snug, safe ones who got away, under one name or another, who were never caught, who never had to face even the questionnaire which was the preliminary to denazification? Who cares about denazification now? The very word has an absurd, clumsy, period flavour. Under the smooth and gleaming surface of contemporary Germany there are layers upon layers of willed forgetfulness. The Germans have had to fashion their lives anew from complete ruin. It was psychologically essential to forget. In their forgetting the Germans are also remarkably forgiving. What puzzles and hurts them is that other people, apparently doing their best to forgive, are unable to forget.

Our recollections are grievous and painful, but they are not of events and actions so morally degrading and so humiliating to us as to be utterly intolerable. The Germans had to forget in order to come to terms with life at all. To analyse this collective amnesia is by no means to condemn it. Our nourishing of our memories may indeed be less wholesome and less creative. Some of the survivors of the worst excesses of German cruelty —people who escaped from the Warsaw Ghetto, children from the concentration camps liberated just before they were to be carted off to the gas-chamber—are nowadays citizens of the State of Israel. They, too, have experienced this willed forgetfulness. Whatever else in the Germans they cannot appreciate, this they can fully understand.

There it is: Western Germany is back in the comity of nations. The rest of us, however little enthusiasm or liking for the Germans we can summon up, are bound to accept their presence. The French, to whom corporate national memories are a sustaining source of strength, have made valiant efforts to come to terms with their former enemies. Germans, as diplomats, tourists and businessmen, go back to almost every one of the countries which seventeen and eighteen years ago their armies overran. There is, indeed, a story of one ex-military governor who was surprised and pained that he was not accorded a civic reception when he returned as a visitor to his former satrapy. The Greeks, conscious of a certain diplomatic isolation (even though they have not, as they threatened, flounced out of NATO), have turned to Germany for material and moral backing.

Last week the indefatigable Mr. Averoff bustled off to Bonn for political and economic conversations with Dr. Adenauer and the Federal Government. At exactly the same time Professor Erhard, Economics Minister in the Federal Government, reached home at the end of a long tour of Asia. Like many others who have been to these parts in recent months, Professor Erhard returned expressing the conviction that the fate of Western Europe cannot remain unaffected by the fate of Asia. "I am certain," he said, "that freedom will survive in Asia with Western aid, and West Germany will do everything possible to help."

IN WESTERN GERMANY: *Left*—The German President, Dr. Heuss (centre), arrives at the Free University of Berlin. Left is the University's Principal, Professor Gerhard Schenk, and right is Professor Kniehahn. Dr. Heuss spoke during the celebrations of the University's tenth anniversary. *Right*—Dr. Adenauer, the Chancellor, laughs with Mrs. Diefenbaker in Bonn. The Canadian Prime Minister, Mr. Diefenbaker, and his wife visited Bonn during their tour. (*More pictures from Germany—page 295*)

Though verging on the platitudinous, these are highly fashionable sentiments as well as respectable nowadays. German interest in the countries of the Middle East is obvious and increasing. Perhaps one of its most creditable and agreeable manifestations has been the manner in which the Government, in spite of Arab protests and threats of boycott, has maintained its policy of large-scale economic reparation to Israel.

Towards Britain the German attitude is ambivalent. Perhaps it was inevitable that the old pattern of mingled liking and hatred should be maintained in profoundly changed circumstances. We are not envied now for our wealth, our world-wide possessions, our place in the sun. The intelligent German thinks us muddle-headed and not a little silly for having lost our wealth, abandoned our possessions and stepped down from our place in the sun. Yet he cherishes a strange, complex admiration not for what we do or have, but for what we are. He searches earnestly for the secret of the *mystique* which he sees sustaining us. Does it lie, he asks himself, in the forms and rituals of our kind of Parliamentary democracy? It surely cannot lie in the *morale* of an army on so rapidly dwindling a scale, so ill-equipped, and of so little social status. Is it to be found in the ancient universities? Through all kinds of internal political vicissitudes Oxford has had for a minority of Germans, whether they were influential or whether they were powerless and imperilled, a persistent attraction.

In the list of this year's Freshmen in Balliol I saw the name of a Bohlen und Halbach. I recalled the name, but not the face, of a young man who went up either with me or the year after me. I looked him up in the College register: Claus von Bohlen und Halbach, who was born in 1910, was the second son of G. Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach, of Essen. He was a lieutenant in the Luftwaffe, he won the Iron Cross, and was killed on January 10, 1940, in a battle over the North Sea. There is a moral here, but I shall not expound it.

JORDAN—KING HUSSEIN'S PLANE FORCED TO TURN BACK OVER SYRIA: At Amman Airport, crowds watch King Hussein prepare to take-off in his twin-engined Dove aircraft on his way to Europe for a holiday. He was accompanied by his co-pilot, Wing-Commander J. Dalgleish, and two members of the Royal Family. Just two hours later King Hussein landed again at Amman after he had been forced to turn back over Syria. In a broadcast he made shortly afterwards, he said his aircraft had been attacked by Syrian Mig jet fighters. When the Royal aircraft reached the Syrian frontier the captain informed Damascus Airport of their course and was given permission to continue. Some fifteen miles from Damascus, the King said, he was asked to land at Damascus as he was not allowed to fly over Syria. He refused to land and turned back. His aircraft was overtaken by two Mig fighters. The details of the incident were reported to the U.N. Secretary-General through his representative in Amman, Sig. Spinelli. A Syrian Government spokesman ridiculed King Hussein's account. Relations between Jordan and the U.A.R. returned to their usual acrid bickering. Cairo did not deny the incident, nor did Nasser offer an apology.

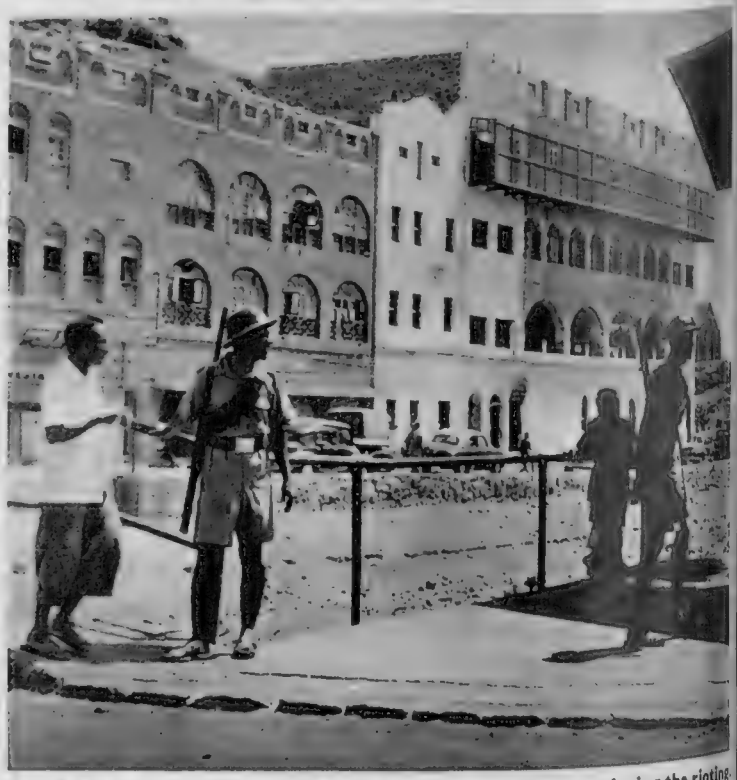
TENSION IN THE MIDDLE EAST

Relations Strained Between Jordan and the U.A.R.

OUTSIDE THE ROYAL PALACE IN AMMAN: King Hussein (left) speaks to the crowds after his forced return. He ordered that the following day should be a public holiday for schools, Government departments and other institutions in celebration of his escape.

THE INCREASED POPULARITY OF KING HUSSEIN: Surrounded by troops, the King (centre right) moves through the cheering crowds in the streets of Amman during the day spent in celebrating the King's escape. Many troops left their camps to join the crowds.

ADEN—TWO DAYS OF RIOTING: Inhabitants look at a car burnt out in the recent riots. In the two days of violence nine people were killed and twenty-two injured, among them policemen. Over 350 people, mostly Yemenis, were arrested and held in camps before deportation. A period of peace in Aden, which had lasted some four months, was broken by disturbances in the Crater area after the conviction by the Aden Supreme Court of two journalists on a charge of contempt of court. A crowd gathered in the main square of the commercial centre of Aden. Stones were thrown and bazaar stores set on fire.



PATROLLING THE STREETS: Armed police stand on guard in Aden during the rioting. On the second day of the violence the Crater area was placed under military control as crowds attacked vehicles and buildings. The post office was set on fire. Later the general strike which had been called in protest against the arrest of the two journalists was lifted. The case arose over an article in an Arabic weekly newspaper under the heading "Bribes in the Departments," accusing the court of corruption

LEBANON—U.S. AID: At Beirut Airport, Colonel Boustani (left), the director of the Lebanese Air Force, stands with the U.S. Air Attaché, Colonel J. C. Holbrook, in front of six British Hawker Hunter aircraft. These were delivered to Lebanon after they had been purchased by the American Government from the United Kingdom under the Offshore Procurement Programme. The training of the Lebanese pilots is to be provided by the R.A.F. training team in the country. Since 1957 the U.S. has provided on a grant basis a certain amount of military equipment for the Lebanese armed forces. The possibility of providing modern military aircraft was discussed some time ago, and agreement was reached early this year on the numbers and types of aircraft to be provided. In the U.N. General Assembly, Mr. Hammarskjöld reported that all U.S. troops had been withdrawn by October 25. In Beirut it was announced that the departure was imminent of 200 U.N. observers. This would leave 385 observers still at their posts, according to information released by the headquarters of the U.N. observation group in Lebanon.

HANDING IN THEIR GUNS: In Beirut after a recent Government request for all civilians to hand over their weapons, an official registers each weapon as it is handed in at the post in the Muslim quarter.

A NEW PARTY PRESIDENT: Abdallah Muhsin, the recently-elected President of the Lebanese P.P.S. Party, the extreme Right Wing party, stands with, on either side of him, Assad Al Ashkar (left), a P.P.S. Member of Parliament, and Abdallah Koborsi, Chairman of the Party's Supreme Council. After a confused period of inter-party demonstrations and rioting, the streets of Beirut seemed quieter last week.

CYPRUS—BRITISH CIVILIANS ARE ISSUED WITH FIREARMS: Security forces, *above* and *on left*, give instructions to civilians on the island as they practise firing at targets. Major-General Darling announced that British civilians could have arms if they wanted, after terrorists murdered two bank officials. In Nicosia, a bomb was exploded just too late to blow up a lorry-load of British troops. Reports said the blast shook the whole city. The R.A.F. started an airlift to carry some 500 airmen to Cyprus to replace Cypriot employees debarred from R.A.F. establishments on the island. In London, Naafi headquarters was inundated with applications from British men and women volunteers willing to take the place of the 1,200 Cypriot staff dismissed for security reasons. In one day the total of telephone inquiries and personal callers rose to 7,750. The Naafi originally appealed for 500 volunteers.

THE POPE GRANTS A SPECIAL AUDIENCE TO ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOPS: In the small Throne Room in the Vatican, Pope John XXIII blesses a group of kneeling bishops. They had come to Rome from many different countries to be present at the Coronation several days previously. Later the Pope received Mgr. William Godfrey, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, in private audience at the Vatican. He also sent personal messages to two Cardinals, who had been prevented by Communist regimes from travelling to Rome for the Conclave and the Coronation. They were to Cardinal Mindszenty, of Hungary, and Cardinal Stepinac, of Yugoslavia. The message to the former expressed "profound sorrow" that the Cardinal had not been able to leave Hungary. A similar message was sent to Cardinal Stepinac. In Vatican City and in Rome there was a consensus of opinion that the Pope would call a sacred consistory before Christmas so as to bring the Sacred College of Cardinals up to strength. It was not known, however, whether the Pope intended to create a sufficient number in one large consistory or to spread the creation of new Cardinals over a number of consistories.

AFTER THE CORONATION

The Pope Grants Audiences to Dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church and Prays Before the Tomb of St. Peter

IN AUDIENCE: The Pope talks to Cardinal Tien Chensien, Archbishop of Pekin, seated in a wheel-chair with his arm in a cast because of injuries received in a car accident.

LEAVING ROME: Cardinal Rodriguez, Archbishop of Santiago, Chile, is helped on his arrival at Ciampino airport, in Rome, on his way to Madrid. Cardinal Rodriguez is 92.

IN ST. PETER'S: Standing before the Statue of St. Peter is the Pope. He had just kissed the bronze right foot of the statue. Behind the Pope is Mgr. Enrico Dante (right), Prefect of the Vatican's Ceremonial Office.

AT THE TOMB OF THE FIRST POPE: In the Basilica of St. Peter, Pope John XXIII prays before the tomb of St. Peter. It was the first time since his Coronation that the Pope had visited the grottoes under the Basilica. He also prayed in front of the tomb of his predecessor, Pius XII, which is nearby.

THE EAST GERMAN PRIME MINISTER HOLDS A PRESS CONFERENCE: Speaking in East Berlin, Herr Grotewohl is seated between Dr. Bolz (left), East German Foreign Minister, and Dr. Blecha, chief of the Government's Press Office. The Premier discussed Mr. Khrushchev's demand for the withdrawal of the Four-Power occupation of Berlin, and said: "The problem of the status of Berlin, which was given such sensational coverage in the Western Press, is not the major problem, but only one of many in Germany."

A WEST GERMAN LOAN FOR GREECE: Dr. Adenauer, the West German Chancellor, gesticulates in Bonn after the signing of a loan agreement with Greece. Mr. Karamanlis, the Greek Premier, is seated on left. West Germany is to lend Greece 200,000,000 marks (£16,600,000) and make another 100,000,000 available for supplementing long-term delivery credits for investment goods.

ACTION AGAINST FLAGS OF CONVENIENCE: At a conference in Hamburg organised by the International Transport Workers' Federation are, from left: Mr. Banks (U.S. Seamen's Union); M. Becu (standing, Secretary-General of the I.T.W.F.); Herr Hildebrand (West German Transport Workers, also standing); Mr. Tom Yates (British National Union of Seamen) and Mr. Tim O'Leary (British Transport and General Workers' Union). They were taking part in a meeting called to organise the proposed boycott by dockers of ships flying flags of convenience.

GERMANY— EAST AND WEST

Herr Grotewohl; Dr. Adenauer; Trade Unionists in Hamburg; Trainer Aircraft

Mr. Khrushchev's proposal for the ending of the Four-Power occupation of Berlin would raise a number of problems for West Berlin, if it were implemented. It would mean that a number of its public utilities, such as water and electricity, would be in the hands of the authorities of the East Sector of the city. Hitherto the maintenance of these services has been one of the occupational functions of the Russians. Transport from West Berlin to Federal Germany might also be affected, and in some quarters there was talk of the possibility of another air lift. Many of those familiar with the present situation in East Germany and East Berlin did not take such an alarmist view. It was regarded as another propaganda move from Moscow. Pointers to this were to be found in statements made by East German Ministers, linking the Soviet proposal for Berlin with the withdrawal of all foreign troops from all parts of Germany.

On left—

A VISITOR TO LONDON FROM WEST GERMANY: Herr Rust, the permanent head of the Federal German Defence Ministry, arrived in London last week for a six-day visit. One of his objects was to see something of British arms production.

A UNIQUE AIRCRAFT AT MUNICH: The Fouga C.M. 170R Magister Trainer standing by itself towards the background is the first of this type of French aircraft to be produced completely under licence in West Germany. Lined up from the left foreground are Luftwaffe planes of the same type, assembled in Germany with parts imported from France.

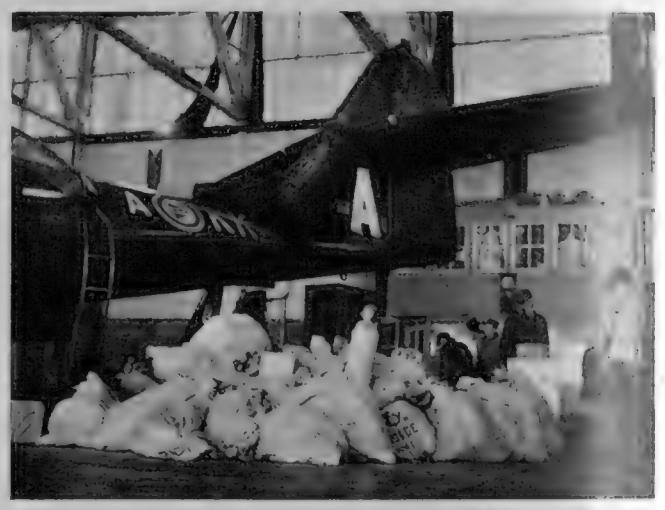
AN AIRFIELD IS PROPOSED FOR SPITZBERGEN

Both the Norwegians and the Russians are Engaged in Mining Coal on the Islands

SPITZBERGEN IN WINTER: A mailplane flies over the snow and ice glaciers of this remote group of islands in the Arctic. The Norwegian Foreign Ministry recently recommended that a civil airport should be constructed on Spitzbergen. At the moment aircraft land on the ice in winter and on the sea in summer.

LANDING AT SPITZBERGEN: A Catalina lands on wheels on the solid-ice runway. Should an airfield be built, guarantees would have to be made that it would only be used for civil purposes and that it would never be taken over by a foreign country. The islands of Spitzbergen are Norwegian territory.

PREPARING A RUNWAY: Every time a mail-carrying plane from Tromsö, Norway, arrives at Spitzbergen in winter, bulldozers are used to clear away the snow and prepare a runway on the ice.



LOADING THE MAIL: At Tromsö, a Catalina aircraft is loaded with the letters and newspapers destined for Spitzbergen. Two Norwegian companies and the Russians mine coal on the archipelago.

UNLOADING THE MAIL: Letters and newspapers are transferred from a Catalina to a lorry by men wrapped up against the intense cold. The wheels of the amphibious craft can be clearly seen.

The Arctic archipelago of Spitzbergen lies some 360 miles to the north of Norway, which annexed it in 1925. The total land area of the islands is about 24,294 sq. miles. It is heavily glaciated country with little vegetation. Since 1900 minerals found on the islands include coal, copper and asbestos. To-day two Norwegian companies, one state-owned and one private, and a Russian company mine coal. Although there are natural harbours, much of the communication with the miners is by aircraft.

Recently, the Norwegian Foreign Ministry announced its recommendation that a civil airfield should be constructed at Spitzbergen. It made the reservations of asking for guarantees that the airfield will never be taken over by a foreign country, and that it will be directly controlled by the Norwegian authorities. In Paris in 1925, a treaty was signed placing the islands under Norwegian sovereignty. Under the terms of the treaty, the signatories retained the rights of trade and commerce with the archipelago. Among those signatories were Britain, France and Russia. At present the U.S.S.R. is the only other country besides Norway engaged in mining in Spitzbergen. Furthermore, Spitzbergen may never be fortified. In 1947, the U.S.S.R. approached Norway regarding military bases on the island and the Norwegian garrisons were withdrawn.

The main point of the Norwegian Foreign Ministry's reservation is that the airfield, when built, should be entirely civil, should not in any way come into the category of a fortification, and should not be used for military purposes by any other power. It is for these reasons, regarding the fact that Spitzbergen is almost equidistant from Norway and from Russia, that the announcement by a Norwegian company of its intention to build an airfield on the island, aroused so much attention. The Norwegian Government decided that it would be an advantage to the economy of Spitzbergen if it were not based exclusively on coal-mining. An airfield would offer advantages to administration, the mining companies, rescue services and scientific expeditions.

The company intending to build the airfield is Norsk Polar Navigasjon A. S. Mr. G. Pedersen, its president, has expressed hopes to start work next summer. It is planned to complete a runway well over 5,000 ft. in length within two or three months. A spokesman of the Scandinavian Airlines System said the company was interested in the project as SAS aircraft were flying in the area. But the company has no immediate need for an airfield in the area and had not asked Norsk Polar Navigasjon to do any work for SAS.

During the years from 1907 to 1952, Norwegian companies mined something under 8,000,000 tons of coal on Spitzbergen. Foreign companies during the same years mined round about 4,000,000 tons of coal. Recent reports, however, indicate that the U.S.S.R. has sent many more men to Spitzbergen, and that at present Russians in the archipelago number considerably more than Norwegians.

IN GUILDHALL LIBRARY: At the reception before the banquet Lady Gillett, the Lady Mayoress, shakes hands with the Archbishop of Canterbury, behind whom is Mrs. Fisher. Beyond Lady Gillett is Sir Harold Gillett, the Lord Mayor. Among those in the foreground are the Lord Chancellor, Mr. R. A. Butler and Dr. Charles Hill, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

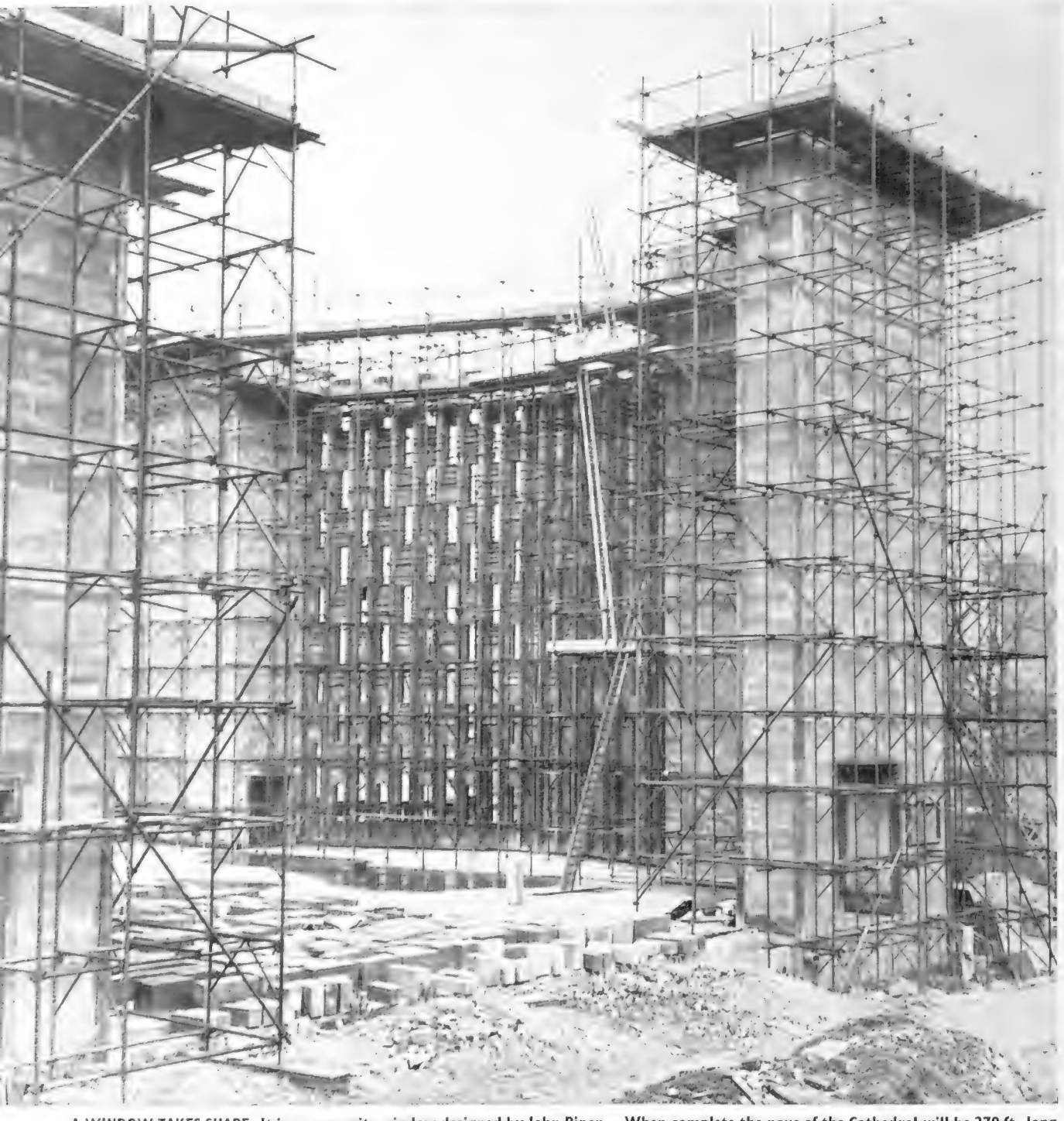
THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET

The Annual Dinner in Guildhall, in the City of London

Mr. Macmillan's speech dealt for the most part with overseas affairs. Cyprus was a particular theme and the Premier's tributes to the conduct of both the civil and military authorities on the island were received with loud applause. He told his listeners: "We shall serve them best by emulating in these anxious days their determination to persevere in their duty and discharge our responsibilities to the people of Cyprus and to the Western alliance." He added that there would be no limit to the Government's backing to the authorities in Cyprus. Mr. Macmillan also reviewed the "tense struggle" between the West and Russia and her satellites.

AT THE HIGH TABLE AT THE BANQUET: From the left are—The Archbishop of Canterbury; Lady Dorothy Macmillan; Sir Denis Truscott, the outgoing Lord Mayor; Sir Harold Gillett, the Lord Mayor; Mr. Macmillan; Lady Gillett, the Lady Mayoress; and the Lord Chancellor. In welcoming the Prime Minister, the Lord Mayor said he was "the layer of political ghosts and a real St. George when it comes to facing the dragons of inflation, false doctrines of economy and the sharp claws of social jealousies and class antagonism."

THE SETTING OF THE NEW COVENTRY CATHEDRAL: The architect, Basil Spence, has preserved intact the ruins of the old building as a memorial garden, placing the new edifice at right-angles to the old and linking the two by an open porch. The old Cathedral Church of St. Michael was destroyed in November 1940. In the bottom left-hand corner is part of Holy Trinity Church.



A WINDOW TAKES SHAPE: It is a composite window designed by John Piper. When complete the nave of the Cathedral will be 270 ft. long and 80 ft. wide. Normally, the seating will accommodate 1,350 people, but on special occasions the congregation could be increased to 2,000. The new Cathedral is now expected to be completed in 1962, but the crypt will be blessed at the end of this year.

COVENTRY'S CATHEDRAL TAKES SHAPE

A FURTHER STAGE IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE NEW CATHEDRAL AT COVENTRY: The view, from the tower of the ruins of the old building, shows the main section of the Cathedral where the zig-zag-shaped walls of the nave have reached a height of 65 to 70 ft. The base for the Chapel of Unity in the bottom left-hand corner is partly hidden by the gargoyle on the tower of the old Cathedral. On the right of the picture is the curved window of the Baptistery. Work on the site of the new Cathedral began in 1954.

Although the new Coventry Cathedral will not be completed until 1962, services are to be held in the crypt from the beginning of next year. It will be blessed by the Bishop of Coventry on December 31, and the first public service will take place at midnight. The crypt is 86 yards long, has a width ranging from 30 ft. to 60 ft., and will hold about 500 people. At present, services are held in the crypt of the old building but there is only room for about 130 people. Open-air services are also held in the ruins of the old Cathedral but these, of course, are subject to the weather. The decision to hold services in the new crypt long before the Cathedral is consecrated has been made in order to prepare for the opening of the main building.

At the time of writing the walls of the nave have reached a height of 65 to 70 ft., which is only between 15 and 20 ft. from the roof level. When complete the nave of the Cathedral will be as high as the middle of the triple window half-way up the tower of the old building. On both sides of the nave the walls are formed in a series of massive "cliffs" of Hollington stone 3 ft. thick, and set at an angle to the line of the building. Windows or windowed walls will then be set between the "cliffs" to complete the angles. They will reach from the ground to the roof, thus allowing the maximum amount of light to shine into the interior and especially towards the High Altar. The roof will be of concrete covered with copper and there will only be one slender spire in order to prevent confusion with the old tower. Inside, the ceiling will take the form of an immense canopy. The contractor for the Cathedral is John Laing and Son Ltd.

One of the most recent gifts to the Cathedral's building fund was handed a few weeks ago to the Provost of the Cathedral, the Very Rev. H. C. N. Williams. It was conveyed by Dr. Heuss, the Federal German President, during his State visit to this country. The gift of £5,000 from the German people is to be spent on the windows of the Chapel of Unity and the Provost hopes that it will be sufficient to pay for all the windows. The Chapel of Unity, at the South end, will be in the shape of a Crusader's tent; it is intended for the use of the Free Churches as well as those of the Anglican Faith.

THE TOWN OF TEWKESBURY

The Peculiarities of the Worcestershire County Boundary; the History, Ancient Charm and Magnificent Abbey of Tewkesbury

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THE largest town in Worcestershire is Dudley. It lies in a small enclave, completely surrounded by Staffordshire, cut off from its mother county by some two miles of foreign territory. Why this should be so, for it must surely produce some pretty complicated administrative problems, I do not know, and I have never found anyone who could tell me. Presumably, at some time, those intervening two miles belonged to Worcestershire. If so, it must have been a very long time ago, for Dudley is essentially a Staffordshire town with Staffordshire outlook and Staffordshire speech—except in the summer when its loyalties are very definitely with Worcestershire cricket.

But the Worcestershire county boundaries are odd. Much the same sort of thing happens again in the south of the county; only here the boot is on the other foot. Here a small portion of Gloucestershire, shaped rather like the speech-balloon beloved of the strip cartoonist, reaches into Worcestershire. This Gloucestershire lozenge cannot be more than two-and-a-half miles across at its greatest width and is certainly not much more than that at its greatest length, and at its neck (which is, of course, the Gloucestershire end) I doubt if it is even half a mile wide. It is at the neck that the town of Tewkesbury is situated: indeed, the old, the original, town was in the neck. Why Dudley is not in Staffordshire, why the lozenge (if not Tewkesbury itself) is not in Worcestershire, is an insoluble problem which could only belong to England.

Architecturally and atmospherically, Tewkesbury does not belong to Gloucestershire. This is a very diverse county, almost as diverse as Yorkshire. The country west of the Severn is about as different as can be from the country east of the river: the high ground of Cotswold as different as can be from the Berkeley Vale: and the Vale of Leadon is different again, for this is country that might well belong to Herefordshire—it is border country—and yet quite definitely does not. Newent, for example, the chief market town of the district, is definitely a Gloucestershire, not a Herefordshire, town. But there is nothing like this certainty about Tewkesbury.

You notice the difference—or anyway, I do—the moment you enter the town. The best approach, undoubtedly, is from the Mythe. It was rechristened "Royal Hill" after the visit of George III in 1788, but the Ordnance Survey and the real locals still use the old name, and some of the more stubborn of them will profess ignorance if you ask for it under its new-fangled title. Thus you get the view described in *John Halifax, Gentleman*:

> Close below it at the foot of a precipitous slope ran the Severn, there broad and deep enough, gradually growing broader and deeper as it flowed on, through a wide plain of level country, towards the line of hills that bounded the horizon. The Severn looked beautiful here, neither grand nor striking, but certainly beautiful. On the left flowed the Avon—Shakespeare's Avon, here a narrow sluggish stream but capable, as we at Norton Bury sometimes knew to our cost, of being roused to fierceness and foam. Now it slipped on quietly enough, contenting itself with turning a flour mill hard by, the lazy whirr of which made a sleepy incessant monotone.

There are four rivers—the Severn, the Warwickshire Avon, the Carrant and the Swilgate. The Carrant joins the Avon on one side of the town and the Swilgate on the other, while an old branch of the Avon itself—the main stream, after receiving the Swilgate, joins at Lower Lode below the town and so encloses "a wide green level called the Ham"—joins the Severn a few yards below the point where Telford's iron bridge carries the Ledbury road over the major stream in one great leap of 60 yards. There may be only four rivers, but there is a maze of waterways.

Although she does not mention the willows which are so noticeable a feature of the landscape, this is essentially the same view as that seen by Miss Dinah Maria Mulock (better known as Mrs. Craik) on her first visit in 1852. It is essentially the same view, the same green levels and winding streams, that so delighted Abbot Gerald in 1084 that he moved his abbey from the relatively inhospitable country of Cranborne, though it is only fair to say that the view is now so striking largely because of the great church to which it, so to speak, gave birth.

There has been little change in Tewkesbury itself—I do not include the outskirts, which here as elsewhere bear the scars of progress—since Miss Mulock's day and from long before. The mill still stands, though the "incessant monotone" has passed into history. Telford's iron bridge, built in 1826, was a wonder in its day, a manifestation of the progress of man. But the real wonder (and now recognised as such) is the bridge built by King John which spans the Avon. The ribbed arches nearest the town date back to about 1200, and that is ancient lineage for any major British bridge. So it is in the town itself: there are new shop-fronts, the latest in windows, each a wonder (at least to its owner) when put up, each no different from the new shop-fronts of a thousand British towns. Tewkesbury has moved with the times, but, fortunately, has made little impression on time. It is not the wonders of standardisation that you notice: it is the wealth of old brick and half-timber, the jumble of the roof line, the great tower of the abbey church.

The abbey church is the chief glory of Tewkesbury. The West Front is one of very few Norman ones in existence and the tower is, surely, the most noble tower of Norman date left in all England. Equally important is the interior, and even more magnificent, with its wealth of glass and monuments, and much interesting old woodwork. There can be no church of similar size in Britain with so magnificent a series of monuments as that to be seen clustered around the sanctuary of Tewkesbury Abbey; among them are three chantry chapels of stone-cage form. Here is much of the early history of England, the era of the great barons. Tewkesbury Abbey is the burial-place of the Clares. Gilbert and Richard de Clare were guardians of Magna Carta.

The last male Clare was killed at Bannockburn; the manor descended on the distaff side to the Despencers: Eleanor de Clare married Hugh le Despencer, the favourite of Edward II, the man who was hung, drawn and quartered at Hereford in 1326. No one loved him save his widow, who gave the seven lovely windows in the choir in his memory. It was another Despencer who converted the architecture of the choir from Norman to Decorated and completed the chevet of seven chapels round the apse. The male line of the Despencers died out, but Isabella, the sister of the last Earl, married Richard Beauchamp, who became Earl of Worcester.

It was as a result of this that Richard Neville inherited the vast estates of the Despencers as well as those of the Warwick family, and became the most powerful man in England. It was the fall of the "Kingmaker," the last of the barons, which led to the ghastly slaughter of the Battle of Tewkesbury three weeks later, a massacre which is still commemorated in the name "Bloody Meadow." Edward IV thereupon gave Tewkesbury to "false, fleeting, perjured Clarence," who was later executed in the Tower and brought to the abbey for burial. His connection with Tewkesbury was short, but he kept to the tradition that, no matter where they died, the Lords of the Manor of Tewkesbury were brought to the Abbey for burial.

The place has no less strong a hold on the townsfolk. The Abbey was "surrendered" in January 1539 and was due to be demolished (the Lady Chapel had already been demolished) when the townsmen subscribed a large sum of money to save it. One of the conditions of sale was that they should "continually repair, sustain, maintain and uphold" the whole fabric. The corporation has ever since fulfilled that condition immaculately.

But the Abbey is not the only place of interest in Tewkesbury and it is not the Abbey that sets Tewkesbury apart from Gloucestershire. It is the architecture of the old town, a small town (the population is only about 5,000) but having the air of a rich and populous city. The timbered houses and tall brick fronts, the enticing alleyways, the "jettied" upper storeys, the black-and-white set it apart, I think, not only from Gloucestershire but also from Worcestershire. If one could lift Tewkesbury, the ancient part of it, bodily and set it down on the upper reaches of the Severn in Shropshire it would be remarkable still, but it would not stand apart. There is plenty of black-and-white in the west Midlands (plenty in Worcestershire, for that matter), but it is to Shropshire that my mind turns whenever I am in Tewkesbury.

Nor is it just a matter of architecture and setting. I have an idea that the architectural inspiration was born in Tewkesbury and spread northwards, up-river, though I admit that I have nothing to support that idea. The Severn was, until quite recently, the great traffic artery of the west, carrying ideas as well as goods. Up-river would be the natural progress: certainly the architectural inspiration does not seem to have spread down-river from Tewkesbury. Then, there is the matter of speech. It would be inaccurate to say that there is a Tewkesbury dialect: there is no dialect, and the speech is not noticeably either Gloucestershire or Worcestershire. But there are words. In particular, the word "tempest" used habitually by the older riverside folk, the fishermen and ferrymen, and the like, for the usual "storm." I have never, personally, heard the word used south of Tewkesbury: but it is not uncommon north of the town, becomes more common at Worcester, and usual again over the Shropshire border. "Tempest" is a Severn word and Tewkesbury a Severn, rather than a Gloucestershire or Worcestershire town.

There are yet two more notable features about it. It has a great richness of charming inns, venerable and hospitable: an army of inns to gladden the heart in anticipation and in retrospect (as Mr. Pickwick found). Attractive at any time, Tewkesbury is at its charming best on a wet day, which is something that can be said for no other town in Britain. And that has nothing to do with the vast choice of pubs in which one is able to shelter.

AN ANCIENT BOROUGH AND MARKET TOWN: *Left*—The pride of Tewkesbury is its Abbey, the West Front of which is one of the few Norman examples in existence. The choir was consecrated in 1123, and the tower and nave finished by 1150. In the fourteenth century there was much rebuilding, transforming parts of the church. *Right*—In the town are many old brick and half-timber houses, some dating from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. On the right is the Mill and right background is the Abbey.

DAMAGE TO A SUBMARINE AFTER A CRASH AT PORTSMOUTH: The bows of the Royal Naval submarine *Alaric* have been smashed in as result of a collision with a jetty. *On left*—A closer view of the damaged bows. The submarine was returning to her base, H.M.S. *Dolphin*, when the mishap occurred in the harbour.

SUBMARINE AND U-BOAT

A Mishap to H.M.S. "Alaric" ; and a German Vessel at Portsmouth

H.M.S. *Alaric* was damaged in Portsmouth Harbour last week. She had spent a fortnight in dry-dock and was on her way back to her base, H.M.S. *Dolphin*, when she struck a jetty. Her bow was smashed in, but although most of the crew were on board, there were no casualties. A naval spokesman said later: "As the *Alaric* was coming in she was caught by the tide and hit the concrete and metal structure of the jetty, which pierced the bow to a depth of about 2 ft. She is commanded by Lieut.-Commander Alan Cook. He had to increase speed to combat the flood tide which was a bit stronger than might have been expected. There was apparently nothing he could do to avoid the collision." *Alaric* is one of the "A" class of submarines, with a displacement of 1,385 tons surfaced and 1,620 tons submerged.

The first West German submarine to visit Portsmouth officially since the war arrived last week. She was due to stay several days while her crew received training at Fort Blockhouse. This was probably in the technique of free escape. The West German Navy, which is being enlarged as part of NATO defences, is shortly to build twelve submarines of 350 tons. At present it possesses three small U-boats saved from the war.

On right—

A UNIQUE NAVAL OCCASION: The West German submarine *Hecht* sails into Portsmouth harbour. She was accompanied by a German submarine tender and a tug. It was believed to be the first time a German U-boat had ever entered the harbour of her own free will. *Hecht* was to spend a week in Portsmouth while her crew received training in the Royal Navy's submarine escape tank at Fort Blockhouse. There was considerable local criticism that the vessel arrived on November 11, Armistice Day. Brigadier T. Clarke, M.P. for Portsmouth West and President of the Portsmouth branch of the British Legion, was reported as saying that it was "a gross misjudgment on the part of the Admiralty" and had hurt the feelings of many people.

ANOTHER CHAPTER IN

THE CALLAS STORY

The Cancellation of the Temperamental Singer's Contract by the New York Opera

HARMONY BEFORE DISCORD: Maria Callas, the operatic soprano, is seen with Rudolf Bing, General Manager of the New York Metropolitan Opera. The picture was taken in New York early this year after a performance at the Opera. At the beginning of this month it was announced that Mr. Bing had cancelled Miss Callas' contract owing to a dispute between them regarding the operas in which she should sing.

The story of Maria Meneghini Callas might well be sub-titled "a Tale of Temperament." In the past three years she has parted company with a number of opera houses, including the Lyric, in Chicago, the San Francisco Opera and the Rome Opera where, in January this year, she caused a furore by refusing to continue in a gala performance of *Norma* before the President of Italy. Last June she was reported to be leaving La Scala, in Milan, because of disagreement with the management.

Now a fresh chapter can be added, containing a variation on the well-worn theme. The setting is in New York and in Dallas, in Texas. Madame Callas' antagonist on this occasion is Mr. Rudolf Bing, the General Manager of the New York Metropolitan, a man with a vast experience in dealing with temperamental singers and one who has usually had his way in any matter of dispute.

Early this month Mr. Bing announced that he had cancelled La Callas' contract, the reason stated being that she had refused to sing in two performances of *La Traviata* between her appearances in Verdi's *Macbeth* next February. In a statement, the General Manager said the Prima Donna had agreed to sing in *Traviata*. He went on: "I do not propose to enter into a public feud with Madame Callas, since I am well aware that she has considerably greater competence and experience at that kind of thing than I have." After paying tribute to her artistic qualifications, he referred to "her reputation for projecting her undisputed histrionic talents into her business affairs."

From Dallas, where she was singing *Medea* before enthusiastic audiences, La Callas fired her counter-barrage. She said she could not turn from the heavy role of Lady Macbeth to the lighter role of Violetta (in *Traviata*) and she declaimed against Mr. Bing's "lousy" *Traviatas*. Presumably her objection on this score was to the New York production, because she sang Violetta at Covent Garden last summer without apparent demur. She also declared that "Mr. Bing has put himself in a stupid, idiotic, ridiculous situation, and the whole world, including me, is watching to see how he will get himself out of it, nicely or badly."

During the next few weeks the singer is due to make a tour of America. As a result of the row with the Metropolitan she is reported to have been offered immense sums for television and film appearances. She has also been invited to come again to Covent Garden in London. Her place in the Metropolitan Company in New York is being taken by Madame Leonie Rysanek. She is an already familiar character in this tale of temperament, having followed Mme. Callas in San Francisco after her dispute with the opera there. So another chapter has been added to the Callas story. One concludes it with the words "To be continued."

RELAXED AND SMILING: The star is in cheerful mood in Dallas, Texas, and shows no signs of the storm resulting from her refusal to sing *La Traviata* in New York. On her right is David McElroy, a Chicago television producer, and, on her left, David Stickelberg, a Kansas industrialist.

EXPLANATIONS: Madame Callas gives a Press conference. On left is Miss Elsa Maxwell, who supported her against the Rome Opera.

ACCLAIMED IN DALLAS: The Prima Donna is about to go on stage at Dallas in a performance of Cherubini's *Medea* for which she received a great ovation.

A FORMIDABLE OPPONENT: Mr. Rudolf Bing leaves his New York apartment for the Opera. In tussles with singers the General Manager has usually been victorious.

REPLACEMENT FOR CALLAS: Viennese-born Madame Leonie Rysanek reads a telegram congratulating her on taking over La Callas' place in the New York Metropolitan.

FASHIONS AT BLENHEIM PALACE

Princess Margaret Attends a Display by The House of Dior

A SPECIAL CREATION FOR THE OCCASION: A Dior mannequin curtsies before Princess Margaret in the Long Library as she displays the highlight of the collection, a white satin off-the-shoulder evening dress named Blenheim. There were 136 dresses in the display as well as a number of furs. Tickets for the show cost five guineas.

PRINCESS MARGARET AT BLENHEIM PALACE: Accompanied by M. Yves St. Laurent, successor to the late Christian Dior, Her Royal Highness meets mannequins of the House of Dior during the display of the Dior Autumn and Winter Collection at the home of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough. The display, presented in aid of the British Red Cross Society, was attended by some 2,000 people. It is estimated that the Society will receive about £10,000 from the proceeds. The dresses were valued at £125,000 and, with the exception of one, had already been displayed in Paris. All the expenses for sending the clothes and mannequins from France were borne by the House of Dior. The guests at the two-hour-long fashion show occupied eight rooms in the Palace.

A THREE-QUARTER-LENGTH COAT ENSEMBLE: The mannequin's coat has a large fur collar with matching hat. Sitting next to the Princess is the Duke of Marlborough.

WALKING THROUGH THE PALACE: The mannequin, wearing a short-skirted evening dress, walks past members of the Red Cross as she makes her way to the dressing-room.

IN THE LONG LIBRARY OF BLENHEIM PALACE: Princess Margaret is sitting in the centre in front of the Red Cross flags. As she made her way to her seat an organist played the National Anthems of both Britain and France. After the fashion show Her Royal Highness presented M. St. Laurent with the badge of honour of the British Red Cross.

EXPERIMENT IN THE AIR

Development in Rockets, Jet Aircraft and Helicopters; an Aircraft Collision and a New Raft

On left—

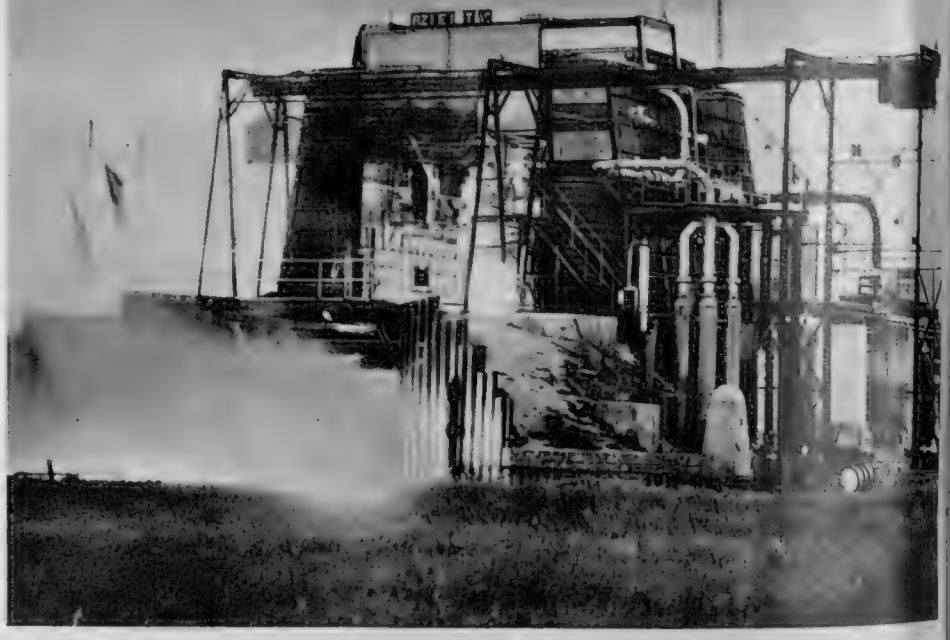
SOLVING THE PROBLEM OF EJECTION AT SUPERSONIC SPEED: A life-size dummy, fastened by safety-belt in the pilot's seat of a mock-up X-15 U.S. rocket aircraft, is thrown into the air to demonstrate the effect of stabilising fins attached to the seat. These fins, together with other new features, help to eliminate dangerous tumbling in the event of ejection while travelling at high speed. The dummy is wearing an aluminised space-suit, such as would be worn by a human being. It is resistant to extreme heat and cold and is pressurised to keep the pilot from exploding should there be loss of pressure in the aircraft's cabin through an accident in flight. Like earlier X-series research aircraft, the X-15 will not take off by itself but will be launched by a "mother" aircraft at about 40,000 ft. The power for the X-15 is provided by a liquid-propellant rocket engine.

On left—

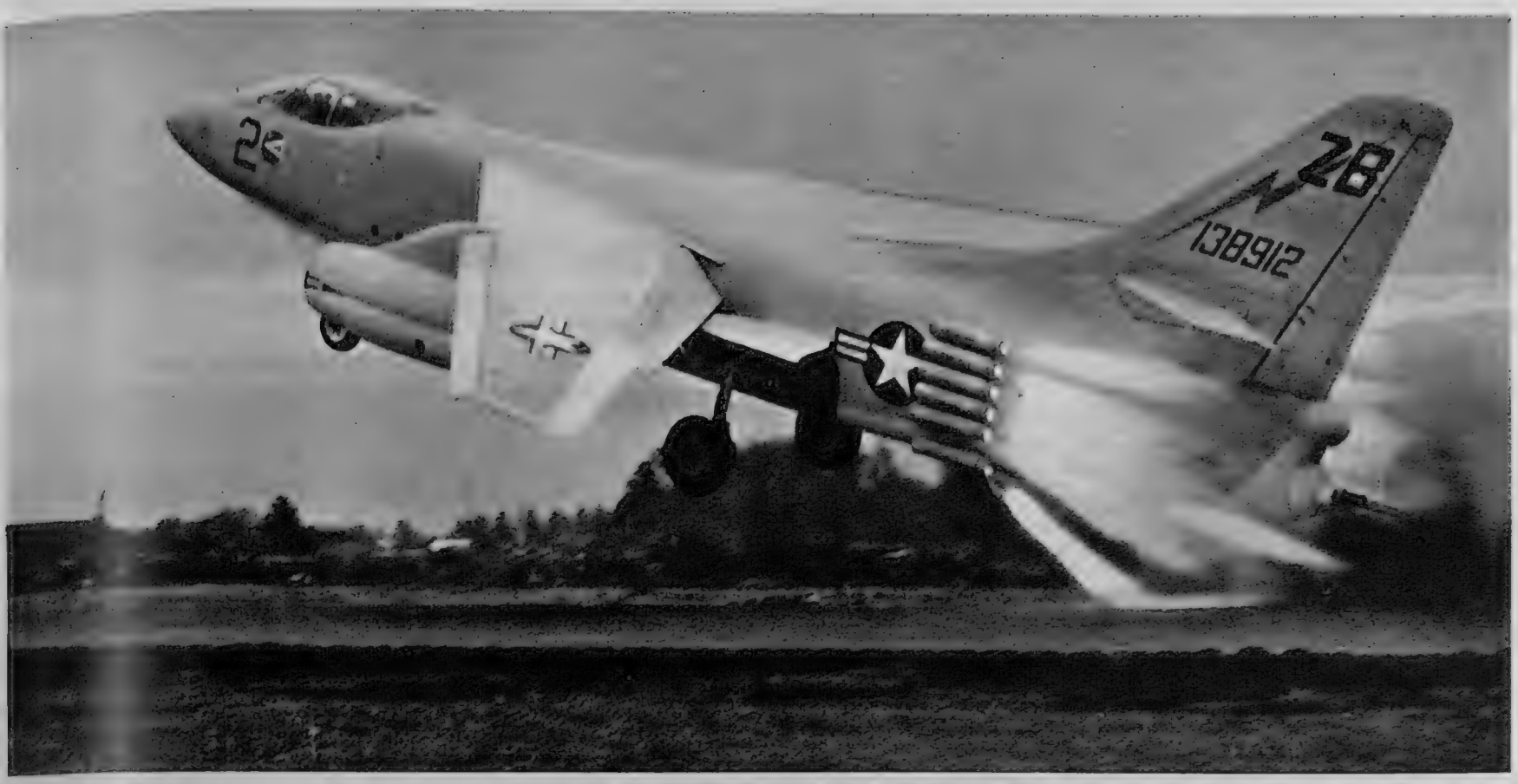
TEST FIRING OF AN EXPERIMENTAL BRITISH ROCKET: The picture shows a section of the control room before the "count down" and the remote control firing of an experimental rocket engine at the new rocket motor test site at the Ministry of Supply's Rocket Propulsion Establishment at Westcott, in Buckinghamshire. At left, technicians operate the firing-console. The propellants used to test the rocket engine were liquid oxygen and kerosene.

On right—

SUCCESSFUL FIRING: The rocket engine, in a gantry, has been fired by remote control. The flame is deflected by a water-cooled plate into an outlet duct, from which steam is rising.



AMERICAN AND BRITISH AIRCRAFT IN A GROUND COLLISION IN NEW YORK: Firemen, covered in foam, ply their hoses on the smouldering and charred remains of a Super Constellation transport aircraft (foreground) which, out of control and blazing, went off the runway before taking off and rammed a Viscount airliner (background) which was standing near a passenger terminal building at Idlewild Airport, New York. *Right*—Firefighters examine the wrecked fuselage of the Viscount airliner. In the background smoke is pouring from the still-smouldering Super Constellation. The five members of the crew on board the transport aircraft managed to leap through the flames to safety and the two stewardesses on board the airliner also escaped.



A HEAVY AMERICAN BOMBER ACCOMPLISHES AN AMAZING TAKE-OFF: With the aid of twelve of the Aerojet General Corporation's JATO (Jet Assist Take Off) bottles attached to the rear of the fuselage, a 35-ton Douglas Skywarrior A3D takes off in less than the length of a football field within four seconds of the brakes being released. With the aid of JATO bottles, the A3D, a twin-jet carrier-based attack bomber, could be launched from any of the most modern aircraft-carriers without the aid of catapults. The most powerful aircraft designed for carrier operation, the A3D can carry the largest types of bombs, including nuclear weapons. It can be used for high-altitude, high-speed attack or mine-laying.

ONE AIRCRAFT TRANSPORTS ANOTHER: A United States Air Force T-37 Cessna twin-jet trainer is loaded aboard a Lockheed propellor-jet C-130 Hercules in readiness for a flight from Kansas to Peru to take part in the South American and Peruvian Air Force Day. To enable the T-37 to be loaded, its wings had to be removed. Weighing 6,465 lb., the T-37 is 29 ft. 3 ins. long and 9 ft. 5 ins. high. It has a wingspan of 33 ft. 10 ins.

AN INGENIOUS SYSTEM OF FLOTATION: A Westland Whirlwind helicopter is about to land on a Storey Uniflote ferry raft at Chiswick during a demonstration of the equipment's versatility. The system of flotation is based, like the Bailey Bridge, on the unit construction principle. Identical panels may be connected in various forms to construct rafts of various shapes and sizes to carry a wide variety of loads.

A RAMJET HELICOPTER MAKES ITS DEBUT AT IPSWICH: Watched by members of the public, the twin-engined ramjet Kolibrie (Dutch for humming-bird) lifts a barrel as it shows its paces at a demonstration at Ipswich Airport arranged by European Helicopters Limited. The aircraft had been brought to England from Holland, where it is manufactured. In its agricultural version, this versatile helicopter can spray an average of 75 acres per hour. Its flying characteristics and low cost of operation and maintenance make it specially suitable for spraying, dusting and sowing. The fact that no dangerous altitudes exist for the machine is of special importance for agricultural tasks which involve low flying. Its ability to execute steep turns prevents loss of time in spraying operations. The universal chassis can easily be adapted for many other purposes. The Kolibrie can land on a special trailer.

The Sphere of Travel

ON THE FRENCH RIVIERA

The Most Famous Holiday Resorts in Europe Live Up to the Adjectives of Publicity and to the Glamour of Their Past

By GORDON COOPER

THAT fabulous land—the French Riviera—hardly needs an introduction, for it is world-renowned. In fact, it is no exaggeration to say that it is the most famous of all holiday areas in Europe. And this stretch of France's Mediterranean coast, lying between Marseilles and Menton, actually manages to live up to its paid advertising, its publicity, and its glamorous, profligate past.

Not so many years ago the Côte d'Azur used to slumber in the heat of the summer sun and awakened only for the winter season, but to-day it is thronged to capacity all through the dog days, and it is only when these summer crowds depart that an element of peace descends upon the coast. It is nowadays during the winter season that the wise people arrange to take their holidays there. They then get those admirable advantages of more comfortable travel, less crowded hotels, and hôteliers more at leisure to ensure that their guests' tastes are met. It is true that there is the disadvantage of the shorter day, but it is not a very real one, for in the major centres the nights, as well as the days, are made gay with a hundred things to do: theatres, dances, galas, Battles of Flowers and carnival festivities. In quieter mood there are excellent afternoon concerts, rounds on the golf courses and tennis tournaments, and, needless to say, a little gambling for those so inclined.

Most of this gaiety centres on the three fashionable resorts of Cannes, Nice and Monaco, while Menton and Beaulieu offer their own rather quieter appeal. Then I think that ancient, sedate and dignified hill town of Grasse, with its superb landscape view down to the sea, merits consideration for a holiday stay. Again, while places such as Juan-les-Pins, Bandol, and St.-Jean are much quieter still, yet they are within easy reach of the more joyous resorts.

Note, too, that while Mediterranean and winter sports hardly seem to go together, they do in France. Three hours by road from Nice, Auron and Valberg are outstanding centres for skiers. Even if you do not ski, the spectacular journey to either in winter makes a splendid excursion. For a stay amid the snows, with perhaps more sunshine than you get on the coast, I prefer Valberg, where there are some pleasant but not luxurious hotels, as well as furnished bungalows to rent.

Most cosmopolitan and elegant of the Riviera resorts is Cannes, with its shops which rival those of Paris, and its fabulous Carlton Hotel, a haunt for film stars and socialites from all over the world. It is hard, as you stroll along its promenade, the Croisette, to realise that in 1763 Tobias Smollett found it "a little fishing town agreeably situated on the beach of the sea," and that its foundation as a resort only came when Lord Brougham, Lord Chancellor of England, arrived there on his way to Nice in 1834, but was prevented from crossing the then Italian frontier on account of cholera. He was charmed by the beauty and salubrity of Cannes, and decided to take up residence there, and built a villa, where he died in 1868. Since then the city has never looked back.

Apart from its aristocratic atmosphere and its gambling casino, its port, with its full share of millionaires' yachts, and the famous Flower Market, is unrivalled of its kind. The perfume of narcissi, stocks, carnations, roses by the thousand, masses of mimosa, sprays of lilac and almond blossom, comes in waves; and the glory of the colours is a joy.

From Cannes in both directions there is a well-organised bus service along the coast. Inland there is

THE BEACH AT CAGNES: This section of the seaside resort, situated between Cannes and Nice, is known as Le Cros-de-Cagnes. It lies between the sea and the main road. Inland on a steep hill, crowned by the massive battlemented castle of the Grimaldi family, are the narrow, twisting streets of the old town of Cagnes. Much of the old rampart remains.

The news that British European Airways are drastically cutting the cost of night tourist mid-week tickets from April 1, 1959, may be somewhat confusing, since it only applies to twenty-three days excursion tickets which are issued as part of an inclusive tour or holiday arranged by creative travel agents as opposed to mere vendors of tickets. Ordinary fares for individual travellers will remain unchanged—unless they are increased between now and April.

Perhaps it might be helpful to review the various types of tickets issued by air companies and to explain what they provide. There is, first of all, the straight single ticket, or one-way, as it is more commonly called. The return ticket explains itself. A circular ticket is one which covers three sectors or more, of a journey. For an example, you can fly to New York, fly to San Francisco and fly back direct from San Francisco to London. That would be covered by a circular ticket. The cost is determined by the sum total of the single tickets used, less 10 per cent.

TRAVELLING BY AIR— VARIOUS TYPES OF TICKETS

Open-jaw tickets sound fearsome, but they are simply tickets issued, mainly on domestic routes, which have a common airport of departure and return but two different destinations. In other words, you can buy an open-jaw ticket to cover a journey from London to Glasgow and from Edinburgh to London. Open date tickets are quite different. There the date and service to be used can be left blank but the particular air line to be used must be stated. Such tickets have a period of validity, usually within twelve months, and are very useful to have on hand when the exact date of the journey to be undertaken is not known until a day or two beforehand. Confirmation can then be made and a place reserved. There is also a family ticket, whereby certain reductions are made when several members of a family are travelling together.

Tickets utilising more than one air line are usually issued as a ticket of the air line first approached. Such tickets enable one to travel out by one air line and travel back by another.

It should be remembered that all the tickets named can be issued in various classes. For an example, a return ticket may be de luxe, first class, tourist or economy, according to the service and the route travelled. You cannot expect to travel first class with an excursion ticket, which is usually confined to night tourist services.

Incidentally, travelling at night in Europe is not a hardship. It can be sometimes more comfortable than travelling by day. When the plane is only half-full, the arms of three adjoining empty seats can be raised to form an excellent sleeping-berth. I once travelled back from Nice to London in this way and found that I had an admirable couchette !

W. D. C. C.

opportunity for several interesting excursions, one outstanding trip being to the Gorges du Verdon, perhaps the greatest natural wonder in Europe. Nowhere else have I seen on the Continent more impressive scenery, standing comparison indeed with the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. If possible, however, I recommend that this excursion be made in a self-drive car (easily obtainable and you only need your British driving licence), for the motor-coach tour takes about twelve hours and you can become rather exhausted with the long journey.

Closer to hand in the countryside above Cannes are several picturesque villages, usually with expensive restaurants, but where you can also eat and lodge inexpensively; to name a few, there are Mougins, Auribeau, Pégomas and Opio. If you are a walker, you will find paths leading to all these places, and should you want to take the funicular and are not tired of extensive views, go to Super-Cannes and visit the Observatory.

While Nice may not possess quite the same fashionable appearance as Cannes, its bustling atmosphere always strikes me as being enticing, and if I express a personal preference for this great city, it is because I never feel bored there. Just to stroll along its wide Promenade des Anglais is a never-ceasing stimulant.

Apart from its own inherent appeal, including the attraction of its Old Town, Nice is by far the best centre for excursions: along the coast and to many inland places, including Vence. Time slips by very quickly in this resort, and like Berlioz you, too, may well endorse what he jotted down in his diary: "I am at Nice, I breathe the soft and perfumed air and fill my lungs with it. Life and joy flutter down on me, music embraces me, the future looks rosy. I am at Nice and can stroll in the orange-groves, plunge in the sea, sleep on the heather of the Villefranche road. . . . That is how at Nice I pass the happiest days of my life. O Nice! O Nice! O Nice!"

Menton is a quiet resort of great charm. Sheltered by mountains that almost surround it, this resort seldom has wind or cold weather. It is the cosiest resort on the Côte d'Azur, is an excellent centre for lovely walks, but is not so well suited as either Cannes or Nice for excursions. It is hardly startling in its entertainments. Yet, all in all, it does appeal to many British visitors, many of whom return there again and again—an indication of its popularity.

Undoubtedly the most beautifully-sited resort on the French Riviera is Monaco; and it provides lots of glamour. In addition to gambling, Monte Carlo presents first-class opera, concerts, lectures and other cultural attractions, as well as many glittering social events, such as gala evenings at the International Sporting Club and the Hotel de Paris. Its numerous sporting events include pigeon shoots, golf and tennis tournaments, etc. The remarkable Exotic Gardens and the Oceanographic Museum also offer great interest. Nor is Monaco necessarily expensive, for you can lodge in La Condamine at most reasonable cost.

For those visiting the French Riviera who are content with a comfortable hotel in a pleasant environment, I can recommend Bandol (Hotel Fleurs), Bormes (Grand Hotel), Eze-bord-de-Mer (Cap Estel), Cap Ferrat (Grand Hotel), and Giens (Le Provencal).

CÔTE D'AZUR WINTER SEASON.

Details of the programme for the winter season include:

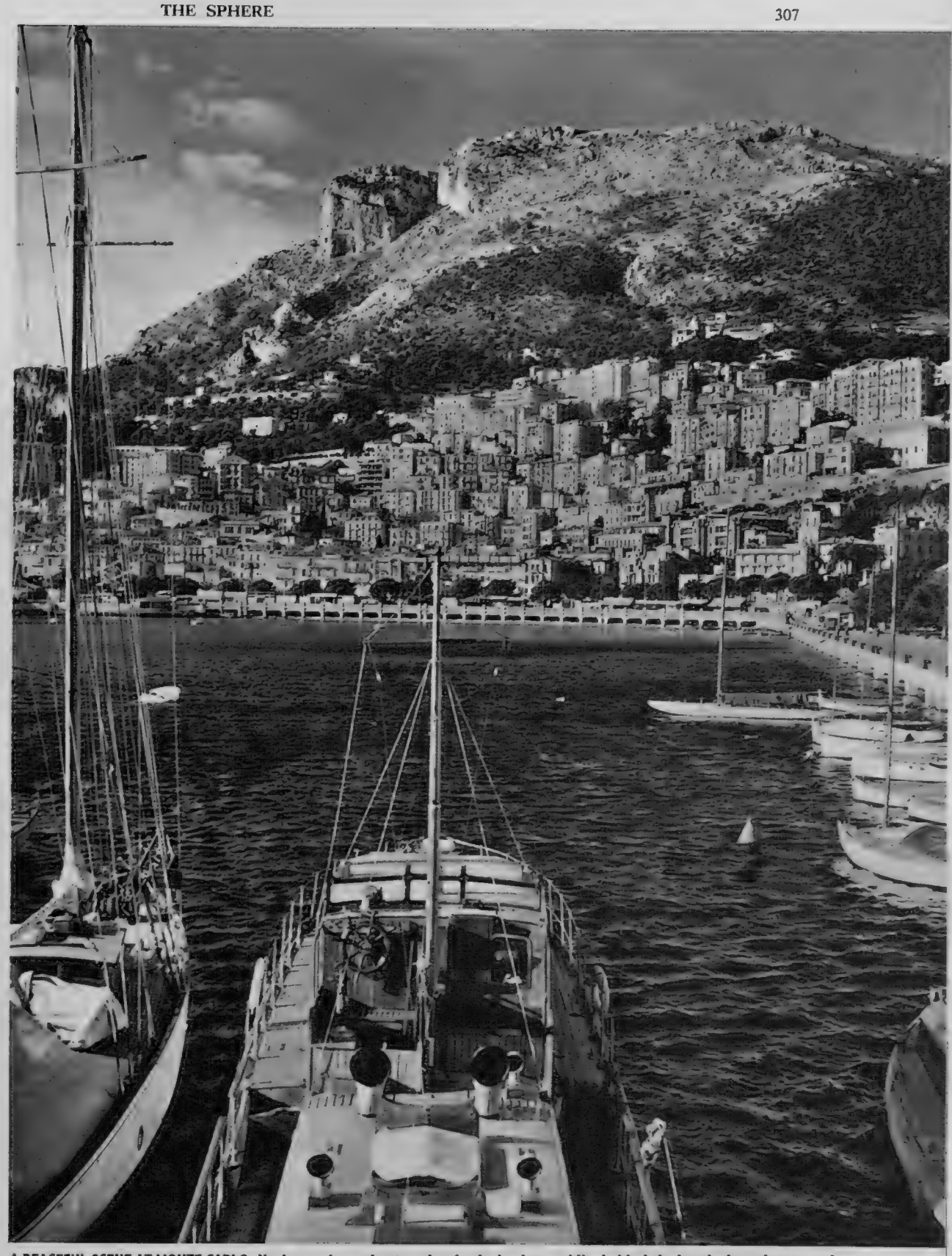
NICE. A carnival festival from January 29 to February 12, including the Battle of Flowers on February 5 and 12. At the Casino there will be the "Night of Nice" on February 5; on February 8 the City of Nice Golf Cup; on December 6 the Lions Club International Gala; on January 30 the International Rotary "Night of Marvels"; on February 7 the "Night of the Mediterranean Palace"; and on March 14 the "Night of Beaujolais" at the Mediterranean Palace.

CANNES. At the Casino there will be a programme of current theatrical successes from the Paris stage, performances by the Symphony Orchestra and the Marquis de Cuevas' International Ballet, and a daily performance of "Hall," a variety show with top international stars. At the Ambassadors' Restaurant there will be two galas and one super-gala per week, and a special *réveillon* for Christmas and the New Year. There will be International Cup play and Championships at the Mougins Golf Club. The International Film Festival will take place early in May.

MENTON. The Lemon Festival will be held from February 6 to 15, and the Corso of the Golden Fruit from February 8 to 10. The Spring Fête will be on March 29, and there will be galas, concerts and tennis throughout the season.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION

French Government Tourist Office, 178, Piccadilly, London, W.1.



A PEACEFUL SCENE AT MONTE CARLO: Yachts rock gently at anchor in the harbour while, behind the hotels, luxurious mansions and the sub-tropical gardens rise the rocky hills of the Corniche. The cosmopolitan resort has the reputation of being the cleanest, most carefully tended and, in general, the most glamorous town on the French Riviera. It is possible to stay in La Condamine at reasonable cost. During the winter there are operas, concerts and other attractions.

HOMAGE TO THOMAS COOK (1808-1892)

Just 150 years ago Thomas Cook, the man who invented cheap travel, was born on November 22, 1808, in Melbourne, Derbyshire. In terms of human happiness, there are surely few Englishmen who have done more to provide this than the pioneer of tourism. Cook's is to-day a household word—its network of services covering the globe.

The only son of poor parents, Thomas Cook's first tourist venture was in 1845, when he arranged a rail trip from Leicester, Nottingham and Derby to Liverpool and the coast of North Wales. To assist passengers on this historic outing, a 60-page booklet was provided—the world's first travel agents' brochure. It concluded with some verse to be sung by the passengers, the last lines being:

> But onward, snorting wild,
> Like a monster in its glee,
> The locomotive flies with us,
> A passing sketch to see.

After this first excursion, there followed a tour of Scotland in 1846—but certainly without all those comforts we expect to-day. Three hundred and fifty clients went. The next big step forward was the 1851 Exhibition, when Thomas Cook arranged tours which brought 165,000 people to London. Many of these visitors, it is worth noting, were transported from Yorkshire for 5s. return.

In 1855, the foreign tours started, with organised visits to the Paris Exhibition—the return fare from Leicester to Calais being 34s. Seven years later came Cook's Swiss tours, but it was not until 1865 that a large Central Office was opened in Fleet Street, London. Then, in 1873, he was able to offer a planned world tour for only 200 guineas, and it took eight months.

Thomas Cook died in 1892, at the age of eighty-four. His name, and that of his son, live on in the world's largest travel organisation.

Perhaps the best epitaph of this benefactor of all civilised peoples can be summed up by a sentence in his travel paper, *The Excursionist*:

> We offer to all classes and to everybody the cheapest Tourist tickets ever presented to the English public . . . as clean and respectable as that which such tourists ought only to have at twice the cost. . . . God's earth with all its fullness and beauty, is for the people. . . . The best of men, and the noblest minds rejoice to see the people follow in their foretrod routes of pleasure.

ENGLAND'S HERITAGE

Benthall Hall and Woolbeding House Are Now National Trust Property

A GREAT deal of the charm of the English countryside is due to the old country houses and mansions, belonging in many cases to families who have lived in them for centuries. One such is Benthall Hall, in Shropshire, which was recently presented to the National Trust. The family dates back to the eleventh century. A manor house at Benthall is mentioned in the Domesday Book, and the foundations of the present entrance hall are believed to be on its site. In the Middle Ages additions were made, fragments of which remain. It is uncertain at what date the greater part of the present building was erected. There is evidence that the Hall was rebuilt by William Benthall in 1535. Other work was carried out by his grandson Richard in 1583. Many improvements were made to the interior by the descendants in the seventeenth century. There is a fine carved oak staircase, decorated plaster ceilings, carved oak overmantels and some sixteenth-century oak panelling. During the Civil War, the private chapel was destroyed and was replaced in 1667 by the present parish church. It is hoped that the house will be open to the public next year.

BENTHALL HALL, IN SHROPSHIRE: About 15 miles from Shrewsbury is this fine sixteenth-century house. It is built mainly out of local stone and has stone mullion and leaded-light windows, and moulded brick chimneys.

AN EARLY RENAISSANCE HALL: The building, with the home farm which surrounds it and an endowment for its upkeep, was given to the National Trust by Mrs. J. Floyer Benthall, of Benthall Hall, and Sir Edward Benthall, of Lindridge, Devon. The Minister of Works has made a grant for repairs.

WOOLBEDING HOUSE, IN SUSSEX: In this view from the south, the large kitchen, with its turret, can be seen on the left. It was built in Victorian times. The house and the surrounding estate are now National Trust Property.

On left—

THE LANDSCAPE OF THE ESTATE: From the Midhurst to Petersfield Road, where it passes the borders of Woolbeding Estate, can be seen the house (centre background, left) and, to the right, the Old Rectory. In the far distance is the high ground of Woolbeding Common. The estate, which is near Midhurst, was accepted by the Treasury in part satisfaction of estate duty which became payable on the death of Mr. E. C. P. Lascelles. It was then transferred to the National Trust. The cost of accepting the estate was £47,750, borne by the National Land Fund. Totalling about 1,035 acres, the estate lies about two miles to the north-west of Midhurst, and comprises woodlands, common land and three farms in addition to Woolbeding House. The River Rother flows through the meadows close to the house, which is near to the church. From Woolbeding Common fine views can be obtained looking north to Hindhead and Blackdown, and south to the Downs. In the gardens of Woolbeding House is a marble fountain with the figure of Neptune, brought from Cowdray. The church (All Hallows) is approached by a yew-tree walk; its nave has pilaster strips which have been taken to indicate a Saxon date. When administrative arrangements have been carried out, probably in 1959, there will be public access to some of the woods and to Woolbeding Common.

TELEVISION AS A TOOL: *Uses of the Electronic Eye in Industry*

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

THE first time I ever encountered industrial television—which the experts call "closed-circuit television"—was at Imperial Chemical Industries' explosives factory at Ardeer, in Ayrshire. The Nobel Division of I.C.I. was introducing a new process for the manufacture of nitro-glycerine, that frightening brown liquid which is the basis of most commercial explosives, and wanted it remotely controlled. The new method of "nitration" employed a more compact plant, reducing the quantity of nitro-glycerine in process at any one time, with an elaborate system of safety devices built into it; but the Nobel Division was taking the opportunity of making it yet safer by putting the process on one side of a hill and its operator in a concrete blockhouse 80 ft. away on the other side.

Some of the safety measures built into the plant were automatic, but control of the process still required human judgment. At his remote-control panel the operator could gain most of the running information he required from flowmeters and temperature gauges; but he needed also to keep an eye on the "interface" between two liquids, one moving on the top of the other, in a stainless steel reaction vessel. A closed-circuit television link was being installed to allow him to do just that—to watch the process without being near it, and act to control any change that he could see beginning to happen.

My most recent encounter with this kind of television was a week or two ago, driving down the narrow hill that leads from Durham Cathedral into the city's congested market-place. In the centre of the square was a policeman who appeared to be watching television. And so he was—on duty. His duty was to control the traffic-light system of the city centre and its approach roads in accordance with the amount of traffic that he could see on its way into the city. Durham is built on a loop of the River Wear; one enters it on both sides over bridges; it is a tangle of narrow streets. The constable, switching from one approach to the other on his little 5-in. television screen, can control the traffic lights much more flexibly and effectively than the time-interval control which used sometimes to build up alternate hiatuses and jams in the flow of traffic through the city.

At the other end of the scale from these problems of remote control one might take another application of closed-circuit television that has been publicised in the last few weeks. Ever since 1956 one London stock-broking company has been relaying prices of stocks and shares from its "box" in the London Stock Exchange to its main offices about a quarter of a mile away. Price changes are marked in the Exchange "box" on a 5 ft. by 5 ft. board showing the names of about 200 stocks; a television camera working through a moving prism scans the board from one end to the other every three-quarters of a minute, relaying the information over a private G.P.O. line to receivers in the stock-broker's office. Just recently another firm has begun to relay Exchange information by television, supplying not only its own office but a number of major commercial clients in the City.

These three examples of closed-circuit television illustrate some of the diverse circumstances in which this electronic tool device can be of value to industries and public services. There is the need for remote control of dangerous processes; the need for immediate visual reference to remote conditions, and their comparison to keep traffic moving; the need for more rapid and verifiable passing of information. But these by no means exhaust the categories of applications into which it is becoming possible to sort out the multifarious jobs that television is doing in business. The companies that have specialised or formed special divisions to develop this kind of work—Pye, Marconi's Wireless Telegraph and E.M.I. are among the leaders—have been too busy over the last few years filling customers' demands for new applications to have much time for classifying them. There are some hundreds of closed-circuit installations in Britain to-day, yet oddly enough there are remarkably few that are simply repetitions of what another customer has had done before.

The label "closed-circuit" television comes simply from the fact that these installations, in almost all cases, pass their information over a co-axial cable landline by "wired wireless" methods, and not by ordinary "broadcasting" methods. The basic installation consists of a television camera-head connected by cable to a control unit, which feeds its output along cable to special "monitors" or to ordinary commercial television receivers (both of which can be used at once). Where the specialised monitoring equipment is used, the picture is usually transmitted on the 625-line television system that is common in many other countries of the world. But by use of carrier modulation of the signal it is possible to transmit the same picture to a 625-line monitor and to an ordinary 405-line domestic television receiver.

The television cameras employed are for the most part far less elaborate than the complex, cumbersome equipment with which many people have gained a nodding acquaintance from pictures of television studios: less complex, even, than the portable equipment that the B.B.C. and the commercial programme companies use for outside broadcasts. Physically, they are smaller; successful development of Pye's system, for example, depended upon the production of a small camera television tube known as the "Staticon." This tube, developed by Cathodeon, one of the companies in the Pye group, is only about 6 ins. long and 1 in. in diameter. It is built into a standard camera about 10 ins. long and 5½ ins. square, which is completely controlled from the remote-control unit. Such cameras, with various specialised attachments, can be used in a wide variety of circumstances; but some of the jobs that television has been given in industry need special designs.

Some of the many applications that television has found inside nuclear technology, for example, have required completely custom-built equipment. Calder Hall required, and later reactors almost certainly will, too, visual inspection equipment to be passed down inside the fuel channels of the graphite core, as part of a mechanical grab that can clear out any obstructions inside the channel: a camera about 3 ins. in diameter and 2 ft. long was designed and made in four weeks to do it.

From the inside of a reactor to the frogman or skin-diver studying the sea-bed or engaged in underwater salvage operations is a fairly wide shift of activity: but this again is another application for which a special television camera has been designed. The diver can take down with him a hand camera unit enclosed in a buoyant 12-in. sphere. This camera can show observers on the surface what he is looking at and doing: it largely replaces the telephonic communication which has to be sacrificed in discarding cumbersome heavy conventional diving equipment for the unrestricted movement of free underwater swimming.

The specialised cameras are more expensive; so are more elaborate viewing systems involving several monitors or television sets; and occasionally, as in a system used by Vauxhall to study the movement in operation of certain parts of its cars when speeding round the company's test track, a cable link is impracticable and a micro-wave broadcast link has to be employed. But in general industrial television equipment is not large or particularly expensive: a basic installation weighing perhaps 80 lb. can be had for well under £1,000.

Makers of industrial as well as domestic television are now looking across a "great divide" to colour television, and wondering how soon it will be worth paying for. One of the British companies is already offering such systems; others, well advanced in experiments, are not yet offering colour equipment commercially. From the customer's side, there is already a good deal of demand—in particular, where television is used in medical education. Quite a number of teaching hospitals have already installed equipment by which students outside the operating theatre can watch a surgical operation as closely as those assisting in the theatre or sitting round its walls. The advantages of colour here are obvious; but whether hospitals are ready to spend many thousands of pounds on a colour television installation is another matter. In many process industries, again, the operator needs to be able to gauge conditions from changes in colour; but the problem of precise reproduction could offer difficulties here, and moreover, quite simple optical systems employing prisms and mirrors will fairly often do the trick well and cheaply.

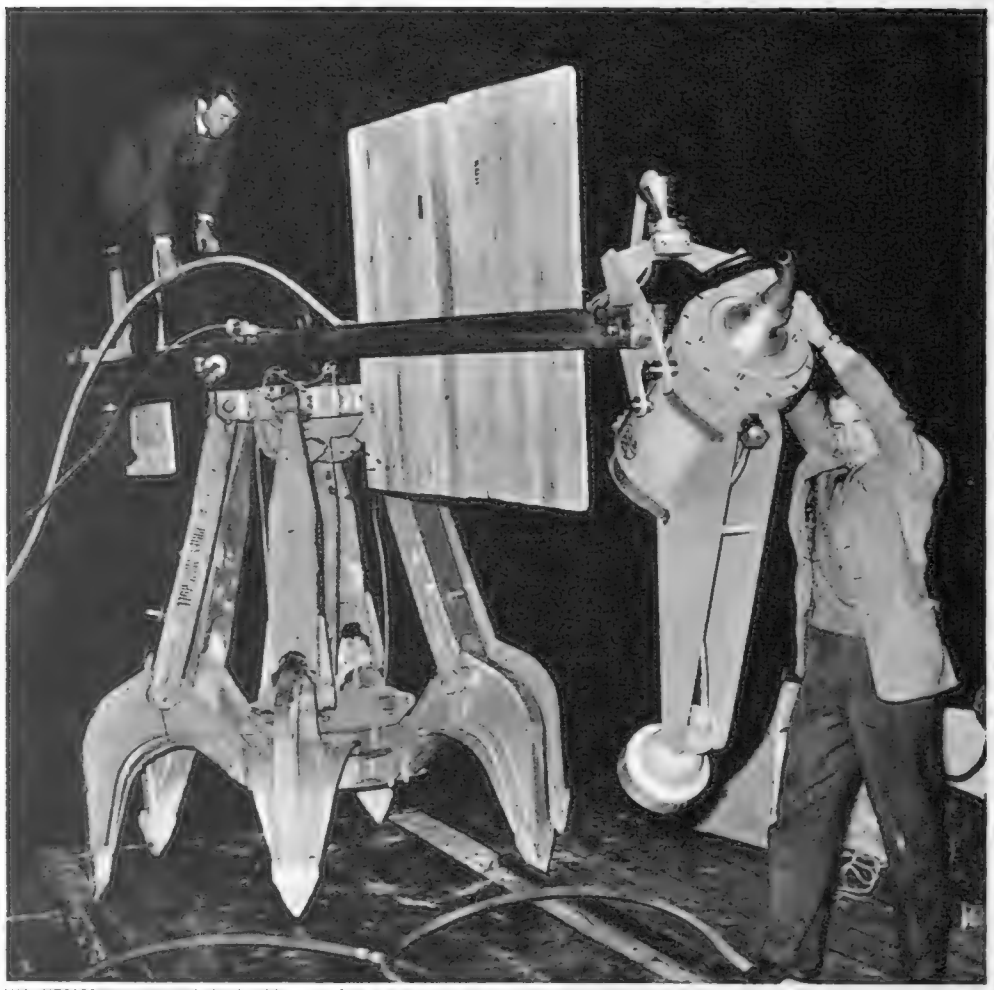
In this country closed-circuit television is only about five years out of the stunt stage, when it was used to catch the imagination of onlookers at exhibitions. The "seeing telephone," with its screen beside the hand-microphone, is still in that stunt stage; nor, happily, has Charlie Chaplin's device in *Modern Times*, the "Big Brother" factory boss keeping an eye on workmen wasting time in the washroom, yet been translated into electronic reality. The fact that applications have as yet hardly begun to be duplicated reflects the relative infancy of this as a commercial business. But when its pioneers really begin to start selling on a wide scale what their first wide sprinkling of customers have found it worth while to do, one can foresee a really broad advance of this technique across many sectors of British industry.

CONTROLLING TRAFFIC BY TELEVISION: In Durham, is the new system of traffic control originated through consultations between Mr. L. E. Ellis, the city engineer, members of the Council, and Pye, of Cambridge, Ltd. The television closed circuit incorporates two cameras mounted on tall poles which cover the approach streets to the market place, and monitor screens placed in the police point-duty box. By this scheme one policeman can control all the traffic passing through the city with greater efficiency than was possible before the introduction of the television cameras. One of the two cameras is seen in the picture *on the left*; in the *centre* is a close-up of the camera showing the windscreen wiper, and *on right* the police point-duty box with its monitor screens in the market place. The television traffic control apparatus was installed in Durham in 1957, when it was estimated that some 12,000 vehicles passed through the city centre each day. (Further pictures showing different uses of closed-circuit television are on the following page.)

On left—To assist in studying the behaviour of cars and trucks in motion, Vauxhall Motors' engineers are now using closed-circuit television at the test and development centre at Chaul End, near the company's Luton and Dunstable factories. The camera, mounted on the vehicle close to the component being observed, is connected to a small transmitter inside the body or cab. The aerial is fixed to the roof of the vehicle and transmits to a receiver aerial on the roof of the nearby research laboratory. This is connected to a normal television receiver inside the building where engineers are able to study the picture. Experts are anticipating particularly useful results from the enterprise by studying the behaviour in action of springs and shock absorbers, propeller shafts and various other components which are difficult to see when the vehicle is in motion.

TELEVISION AIDS VEHICLE MANUFACTURE: *Left*—**At the test and development centre of Vauxhall Motors Ltd.—where closed-circuit television is used to study concealed parts—a monitor is set up in a Bedford cab prior to testing the propeller shaft.** *Right*—**A Victor undergoes testing on a banked turn.**

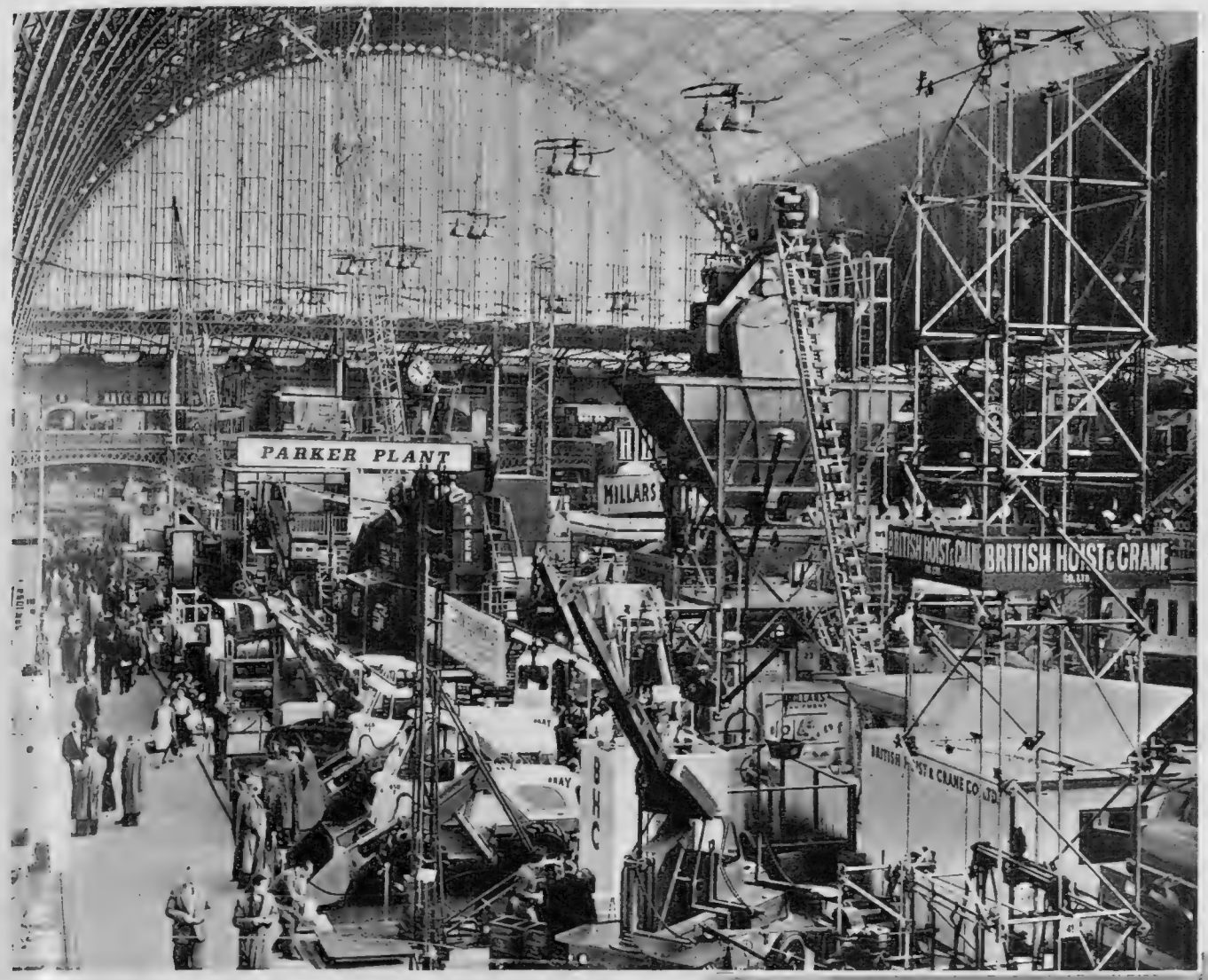
THE VARIED USES OF CLOSED-CIRCUIT TELEVISION



THE PYE "MASTER SLAVE" MANIPULATORS IN ACTION WITH CLOSED-CIRCUIT TELEVISION: Normally, the operator can watch his actions through the zinc-bromide-filled windows; on this occasion he is replacing the top on a bottle and watching the television screen to see what he is doing. In some cases stereoscopic television can be fitted to enable the operator to judge distances during an intricate experiment. A close-up can be achieved by including other instruments. Slave manipulators are used in Atomic Energy Authority establishments for handling radioactive materials.

AT THE LONDON STOCK EXCHANGE: Price movements are being recorded at the Stock Exchange and transmitted simultaneously to an office about a quarter of a mile away by means of the closed-circuit television camera seen at the top of the picture. The Pye television camera has been installed by a London firm of stockbrokers.

UNDERWATER TELEVISION: *Above*—**A Pye underwater television camera is fitted to a ton grab before the equipment is lowered into the depths of Lake Constance, in Switzerland, to trawl for the wreckage of an aircraft.** *On right*—**On a monitor screen, two arms of the grab are visible as they move ahead of the camera 680 ft. below the surface of the lake.** The procedure adopted during the search was for the crane operator to watch the television monitor for wreckage coming towards the grab. As the wreckage passed below it, the grab was dropped on to the pieces, which were automatically clasped in the arms. The techniques employed constituted a considerable advance in underwater television salvage skill. In the first place, it was possible for experts to be selective in the parts that they salvaged. Secondly, the employment of a television grab proved a great time-saver. It enabled wreckage to be raised instantly without the need of lowering further bulky equipment, which could not be accurately positioned. The power supply for the underwater television camera, the control units and monitors, as well as camera lighting, was supplied by a 3-kW. Dale petrol electric generator. The tube used in the underwater camera was of the image orthicon type and was manufactured by Cathodeon Limited. This is a subsidiary company of Pye Limited. It was specially adapted for low-light-level working.

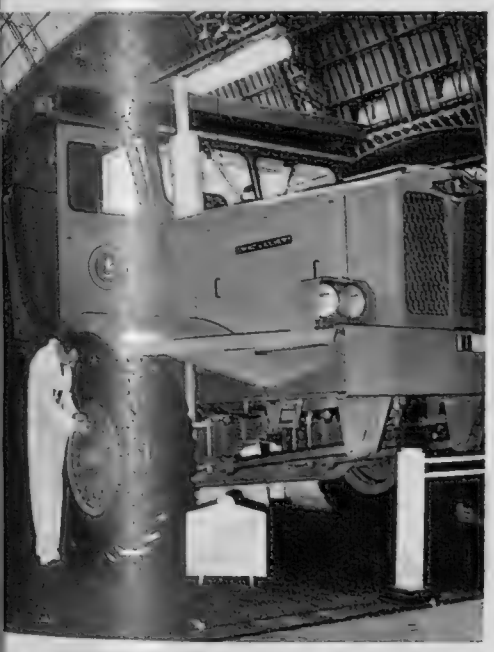


Below—

CONTEMPORARY HOMES

The picture shows a terrace of the three-bedroomed houses which are being built on the Dulwich Estate by Wates Built Homes Limited. They are being built in a woodland setting, fully-landscaped by Richard Sudell, past President of the Institute of Landscape Artists. The terraces are approached by a wide pedestrian precinct which stretches the full length of each terrace. Each house is "L"-shaped but is linked with others by a paved courtyard. The front and rear gardens are designed on an open plan. At the rear there are dwarf posts and rail fences between each house. Shrubberies are planted between the rear boundary fences and the gardens of the next terrace to ensure a measure of privacy.

Brick-built garages adjoin the terraces and have doors of the up-and-over type. There is one for each house with ample parking space in front. Stone bollards ensure that vehicles are not driven on the pathways. Externally, the houses have a front elevation of Sussex multi-coloured bricks and a rear elevation of brick and hung tiles. The roofing tiles are sand and faced clay pan. On the front elevation is a balcony on the first floor, while a feature of the interior is a linen shute in the bathroom which enables linen to be passed to the kitchen below. Wates are redeveloping 52 acres—out of a total of 76 acres—of the Dulwich Estate.



A GIANT DUMPER: Some idea of the enormous size of the Aveling Barford Dumper, on show at the Public Works and Municipal Services Congress and Exhibition at Olympia, can be gained by comparing it with an averaged-sized man making an adjustment to one of the wheels. The dumper, powered by a Rolls-Royce engine, has an overall length of more than 27 ft. It is over 11 ft. wide.

SERVING LOCAL COMMUNITIES

At Olympia, visitors look at some of the equipment on show at the biggest Public Works and Municipal Services Congress and Exhibition yet staged. More than 350 manufacturers of plant machinery and equipment required by contractors, civil engineers and local authorities exhibited at the show, which is claimed to be one of the most comprehensive of its kind in the world. For the first time three finance houses had stands at the show, where they outlined credit facilities for the completion of public works contracts and for renewal of plant and machinery. The exhibition and concurrent congress was opened by Mr. Henry Brooke, Minister of Housing and Local Government.

On right—

BRITISH TRACTORS FOR AMERICA

At the Ford jetty at Dagenham, in Essex, a consignment of 320 Fordson Dexta tractors is being shipped to Jacksonville, Charleston and Savannah, in the United States. They form part of an order for 1,200 which is worth 1,750,000 dollars. The tractors have been built by the Ford Motor Company at Dagenham, and the deliveries to America will be complete by the end of this year. Since production of the Dexta tractor began last February, 20,100 have been produced, of which total nearly 13,500 have been exported. It is repeating the success of the larger Fordson Major diesel tractor which, to date, has earned 28,000,000 dollars from the United States.

The World of Books

"ALL THAT WAS PLEASANT IN MAN"

A Life of David Garrick ; A Biography of "Elizabeth," Countess Russell ; About J. B. Priestley ; A Humorous Travel Book and a Personal Journal ; Novels Set in Australia and Regency England

EVERYONE who enjoys the theatre—even those who go rarely—should be grateful to Miss Carola Oman, who has brought her great talent and distinguished mind to bear on the subject of that famous and beloved English actor, Garrick. In DAVID GARRICK (Hodder & Stoughton. 42s.) Miss Oman has not only written the definitive work on the actor-manager-author but has done so with a fresh understanding which has allowed her to examine each facet of his character and clear away some of the misconceptions of his nature, still lingering on from malicious gossip of his own days.

Garrick, as his biographer says, had been far more than Britain's first actor. He had also been manager of Drury Lane Theatre, had written twenty successful plays, rewritten or adapted many more, including nine by Shakespeare, and had never ceased to produce poems, songs, prologues and epilogues. After Garrick's death it was suggested that his lifelong friend, Dr. Johnson, should write of his life, but though Johnson was willing, he wished to be invited to the task by Mrs. Garrick, and this invitation was never forthcoming. Now we have a masterly study with the perspective that these 200 years have given instead of the contemporary picture, and it would be difficult to recommend it with too much warmth.

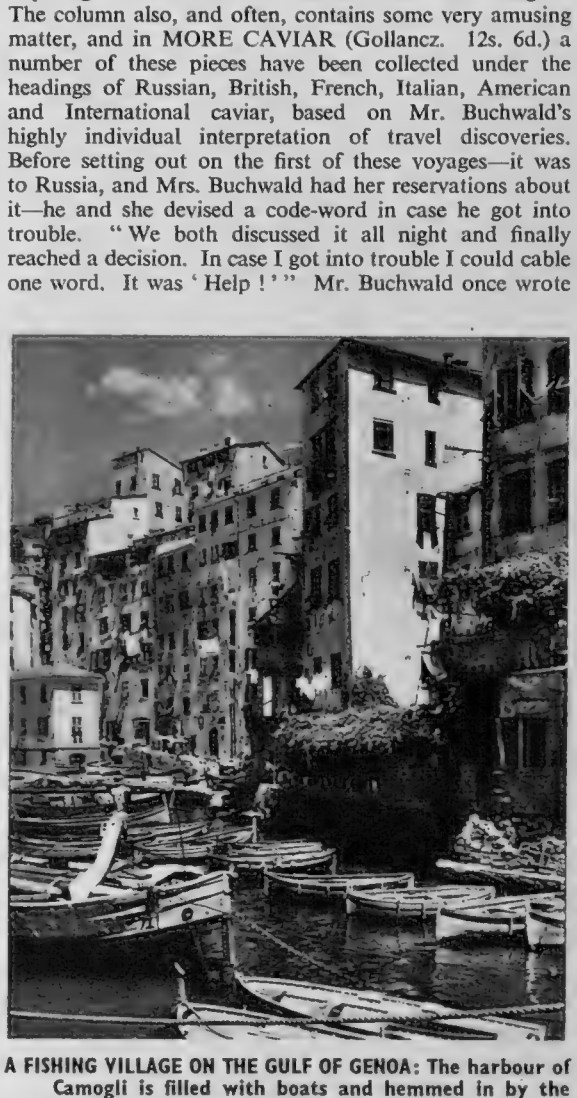
Garrick's career on the stage and what he did for it are matters of historical record and so is his love for Peg Woffington and his later marriage to a Viennese dancer. What emerges most clearly from this book is the width and depth of his interests, the impressive nature of his reading and study, his tremendous correspondence ("he was a torrential letter-writer"), and the scope of his friendships, since "he met almost everyone prominent in his day in the artistic, literary and social world." Miss Oman has done a real service to the theatre of this country and has written a most readable and enchanting book.

ELIZABETH OF THE GERMAN GARDEN (Heinemann. 25s.) is another biography, this time of Countess Russell, who, as "Elizabeth," wrote with such wit and grace from the days of the inimitably funny *The Caravanners* to her last book, *Mr. Skeffington*, in 1940. Leslie de Charms has brought what is quite evidently an intimate knowledge—probably a family knowledge—to her subject and has had access to Elizabeth's journals and letters as well as to the letters from acquaintances, friends and close friends. The book is, therefore, a highly personal study both in its author's obvious attachment and in the manner of approach to an elegant and complex subject.

Elizabeth was married to the Graf von Arnim and living at his country house in Pomerania when she wrote her first book, *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*, which was to make her pen-name known throughout the English-speaking world. After his death and after a long interval of travelling, writing and enjoying the friendship of a phenomenally wide circle of people in the worlds of letters, philosophy and music, Elizabeth married again, and it was this marriage to Earl Russell which was to prove disastrous to her happiness until she herself ended it some years later, and returned to the joys of the chalet she had built on a Swiss mountainside and the lovely little house in the hills above Cannes. As with every house that Elizabeth built, there were wonderful gardens, and inside the houses were friends, music, flowers and good talk. There was also work, for Elizabeth was the author of no fewer than twenty-two books and a scrupulous craftsman who wrote, re-wrote, erased and altered until her publishers had to take the manuscripts away from her almost by main force. As a stylist it could be said that she was influenced by Henry James, who, like Augustine Birrell, E. M. Forster, H. G. Wells, Hugh Walpole, and her cousin, Katherine Mansfield, were among her intimates. But Elizabeth's lucidity, her wit, her sense of fun (which is by no means the same thing) were hers alone and illuminated her novels, her travel books and, most characteristically and delightfully, her letters. Leslie de Charms quotes from these and from Elizabeth's journal, and it is in these passages that the authentic voice is heard. In other passages the biographer has not emphasised or even defined that affectionate gaiety which was so much a part of both the writer and the person.

Mr. David Hughes has written an informal study of the work of J. B. PRIESTLEY (Hart-Davis. 21s.) which is highly intelligent, perceptive and written with a most attractive vitality. As Mr. Hughes says: "I come to Priestley as one who, presented with an unavoidable journey or an evening free of engagements, opens a book and reads; who lies in bed at night with the light burning half an hour too long; who reads because there is pleasure there, who handles books because he cannot help it." In other words, the born reader and, in this case, something of a born writer too, who has brought a lively mind and a disciplined pen to his analysis.

Mr. Art Buchwald is an American newspaperman who operates, as they say, chiefly from Paris and whose column is known to be as provocative and original as anything between the Ritz Bar and the Deux Magots. The column also, and often, contains some very amusing matter, and in MORE CAVIAR (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.) a number of these pieces have been collected under the headings of Russian, British, French, Italian, American and International caviar, based on Mr. Buchwald's highly individual interpretation of travel discoveries. Before setting out on the first of these voyages—it was to Russia, and Mrs. Buchwald had her reservations about it—he and she devised a code-word in case he got into trouble. "We both discussed it all night and finally reached a decision. In case I got into trouble I could cable one word. It was 'Help!'" Mr. Buchwald once wrote a splendid piece about the maiden voyage of a big American liner, and I remember it to this day with a chuckle. There are one or two pocket-sized essays like that in the present all-too-short book.



A FISHING VILLAGE ON THE GULF OF GENOA: The harbour of Camogli is filled with boats and hemmed in by the high white tenement houses of the village. The picture forms one of the illustrations to *Italian Bouquet*, by Samuel Chamberlain (Hamish Hamilton. 75s.). This handsome volume, with prints, drawings and photographs by the author, is described as an epicurean tour of Italy. It contains many recipes translated from the Italian and adapted by Narcissa Chamberlain. Not only does *Italian Bouquet* say what to eat and where, it is also a lively and reliable guide-book.

Signor Giovanni Guareschi is the author of all those books (and therefore films) about *Don Camillo*, from which it is possible to deduce that when he writes a journal and allows it to be published, it is going to have a good deal of the same zany logic and humour. MY SECRET DIARY (Gollancz. 13s. 6d.) has this and more; an infinitely touching and honest picture of his experiences in a German prison camp between 1943 and 1945. The conclusions he drew then are the conclusions he would reach again and, as he writes: "Perhaps the idea of the book may amuse them, the idea of a humorist's account of his prison. Anyway, here it is, ready for my twenty-three faithful readers." It will amuse them and their thousands of fellow-readers, but it will move them, too.

There is no satire in Miss Stella Gibbons' new novel, WHITE SAND AND GREY SAND (Hodder and Stoughton. 16s.) and no twinkling reminders of *Cold Comfort Farm*. Instead, there is a straightforward story about an English girl, who, found abandoned in the dunes in 1940, has been brought up in Belgium and has learned to love its life. The setting, which is occasionally Ostend but more often Bruges, is beautifully done. It would be difficult, in fact, to imagine it better done by one who was herself a Flamand, and this must be accounted to the author as great praise. Miss Gibbons writes so well always about the young and here there are young of two nations to animate her story and bring it to a very credible life. A thoroughly charming novel.

TEA AT SHADOW CREEK (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 16s.) is by Mr. Geoffrey Cotterell, who gets better and better as a novelist and now, we see, as a teller of travel tales. The atmosphere of Australia's outback here, as visited by a fairly young, fairly self-reliant Englishman, is possibly the most striking feature of the novel and the one that the reader will remember longest but, on reflection—and it is a book worth reflecting on—it is the character of the unheroic hero which is the author's real triumph. Here is a man who sails through life with very little top hamper in the way of morals, an easy way with a quip, great susceptibility to girls and a rather surprising capacity for compassion. As he tells his own story, it is a far-from-admirable one, but it is at least free from self-pity and, scamp or not, he is able to engage one's interest completely and one's sympathy quite a bit. This, of course, must be attributed to Mr. Cotterell's especial talent for story-telling in a practically compulsive way.

VENETIA (Heinemann. 16s.) is Miss Georgette Heyer's new novel and has a background of rural England and a very little London in that period of the Regency which this distinguished and witty author has made peculiarly her own. Never a novelist to tolerate an insipid heroine or, indeed, to include such a miss in her books except to castigate her, Miss Heyer has invented a specially vivid and independent young woman to carry her story of a lady and a *roué*, with the added delight that these two, unconsciously falling in love, are also friends in the most exact sense of the word. For myself, I enjoyed this romantic but good-sensical tale immensely and recommend it for its fun as well as for its exquisite manner.

Vernon Fane

BALLET DANCERS—PAST AND PRESENT

Biographies of Adeline Genée and Svetlana Beriosova

There have been few brighter stars in the realm of classic dancing than Adeline Genée, the Danish dancer from Aarhus, Jutland, whose precision and technical perfection won world-wide admiration and kept her for many years as the *première danseuse* of the London Empire. Ivor Guest, that brilliant historian of the ballet, pays tribute to Dame Adeline with his biography ADELINE GENÉE (A. and C. Black. 25s.). Although he dwells in particular on the ballerina's career in London, and on her many successful tours, he does not neglect either her early life in Denmark or her subsequent work for the Royal Academy of Dancing. This is a generous biography about a very generous person who has given both her physical talent and her mental energy to the branch of the theatre which since childhood she knew she would embrace.

In the same vein, but with rather greater attention to illustration and slightly less attention to biographical detail, A. H. Franks, one of the leading ballet critics, presents a portrait study of SVETLANA BERIOSOVA (Burke. 25s.). Beriosova was born in Kaunas, whither her father had emigrated from Petersburg. Like Adeline Genée the influences around her were almost entirely of the theatre. The ballerina's was to be from the outset a migratory, unsettled life, and just how that allowed her to become on and off stage the serene, self-possessed person we know is not easily explained, save perhaps by her mother's infinite capacity for home-making wherever and whatever the circumstances. Ballet-lovers will take pleasure in Mr. Franks' critical studies of the dancer in action. He is deeply sensitive to her brilliance and, like Ivor Guest, he is a most generous biographer.

Two writers have of late taken the gilt off the "Jersey Lily," and the second of them is Ernest Dudley, who has apparently braved the initial displeasure of relatives and friends of Lillie Langtry in writing this biography of a woman of "unique loveliness, scintillating wit and implacable courage" who is more than ever a legend thirty years after her death. He calls his book THE GILDED LILY (Odhams. 18s.). One thing emerges clearly from this racy narrative. Lillie had a good heart and never forgot her friends. She really knew how to use her influence with "His Nibs," as Mr. Dudley will insist on calling the King.

Even if she were a popular, reasonably accomplished, and infinitely attractive performer on the stage, the same cannot be said for her adventures in authorship. In 1909, under her title of Lady de Bathe, she published a novel called *All At Sea*, an unconsciously funny account of life aboard an Atlantic liner, the *Kaiser Fritz*. It abounded in epigrams which one critic declared deserved to be treasured for all time for their stupidity. Mr. Dudley, despite one or two eulogistic passages, spares Lillie very little of her reputation. This is not a pleasant biography by any means; one can scent the Sunday serial rights in every ruthless revelation.

Someone or other has made the bright suggestion that there should be a blue plaque in Baker Street to mark the residence there of Sherlock Holmes. Even if we do not go quite so far as that, there is no doubt that in the minds of millions Mr. Holmes and the faithful Dr. Watson are much more substantial personalities than many people who have actually lived and had their being. Michael Harrison pursues this theme with vigour

GENTLEMEN, THE QUEEN!

The time may come, sooner than expected, when more books will have been written about Queen Elizabeth II than about Queen Elizabeth I, and that calls big figures in aid. These books roll off the presses apparently assured of a public, though in purpose and performance they are good, bad and indifferent. And the bad are very bad and the indifferent (on any other theme) would be an outside publisher's chance. The truth is that the Royal Family, as people, need no P.R.O. For a majority, perhaps, of the nation the Monarchy in its *personal* aspect has taken the place of religion.

In its constitutional aspect, it is otherwise. Few people understand why a young queen who "reigns but does not govern," is so important in the conduct of the nation's affairs. It needs a trained mind and a knowledge and experience of our constitution to make it clear that, though the Sovereign is not the "works" of the clock of state, she is the pendulum. If she does not tick, the works stop; and the Primate cannot get his monthly salary or the law of the land be ratified.

To THE WORK OF THE QUEEN (Wm. Kimber. 21s.) Dermot Morrah brings that trained mind and a special knowledge of the important ceremonial and protocol functions of the Monarchy, and it is clear that he was *persona grata* in his palace enquiries. The Queen's household must have had enough of snoopers, traitors, gossip-writers and sickening adulators, and though republicanism is to-day but a spark of dead ashes and only a very small minority of the young are being educated to criticise the Monarchy as much more expensive than a republic, the Queen's personal staff may welcome this well-written book which, explaining some of the traditions and mysteries of our throne from ancient days to the Statute of Westminster, reveals the Queen as a woman trained and dedicated to a unique and lonely and exalted office, and her day's found to be as arduous as that of any of her most industrious subjects.

INVEREWE: PARADISE ENOW

Every year more and more tourists visit and remember the gardens of Inverewe, in Wester Ross, and link them with the names of Osgood MacKenzie and his daughter, Mairi Sawyer. In OASIS OF THE NORTH (Hutchinson. 18s.) Dawn Macleod (can you beat that name for beauty and aptness?) has written an enchanting account of her brief assignment as helper to Mrs. Sawyer and as a part-time teacher in primary schools in that far-distant, lovely and stormy oasis. She felt the call, threw up a pensioned civil service post in London and never rued the day of decision.

If the blood remains young and the heart unalterably Highland, a trained hand working with an observant eye can hardly fail to succeed in a chronicle of this sort, and Dawn Macleod has admirably succeeded. It tears the heart to realise, as we must, the fearful damage done by "progress," and the truth that every mile of road built in the wild places, every small improvement in communications, is offset by the loss, little by little, of far more vital benefits to humanity—of contentment, simplicity, the power to devise recreations, the duty and joy of helping one's neighbours, the pride of standing on one's own feet *in rebus angustis* and facing squarely the elements, the hardships, and beauties of solitude.

Even in the heart of Subtopia, this charming and indeed lovely little book will evoke, and not only in banished Highlanders, yearnings and doubts. Yearnings for that peace which passes understanding in overpopulated places, doubts about the manifest advantages of progress and our justification for being proud of it.

John Gore

In the issue of Nov. 8, the title of THE LOST DUCHESS, by D. A. Ponsonby, was wrongly given as THE LOST PRINCESS.

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and almost Sherlockian intensity in his book IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES (Cassell. 25s.). The author plots Holmes' movements from the time of his first case at the age of twenty-five, in the summer of 1878, when he was called in by a friend to solve the curious affair of *The Musgrave Ritual*. Mr. Harrison traces the actual events of the period to show where they may have had a bearing on Holmes' work, and the result is a social document of deep interest, with contemporary photographs adding still further to our pleasure.

Gerald Durrell has a quality of suspense in his writing that has won him already quite a measure of fame, but his tale of half an hour in a pit with a score of Gaboon vipers watched by a thrill-crazy audience, and all this at midnight under the fitful light of a tricky pressure-lamp, makes a horrifying climax to his latest book of experiences in the animal kingdom. ENCOUNTERS WITH ANIMALS (Rupert Hart-Davis. 18s.) is written in Mr. Durrell's best manner.

John Taylor's PICTURE HISTORY OF FLIGHT (Edward Hulton. 35s.), first published in 1955, has been brought up to date in a new edition. There are 248 pictures in this well-arranged and neatly-captioned volume.

R. C. E.

IBSEN AT THE OLD VIC: In a scene from *Ghosts*, Oswald (Ronald Lewis), left, objects to the assumption of Pastor Manders (Michael Hordern) that an artist's life is necessarily immoral. Mrs. Alving (Flora Robson) sits on the couch, watching. This revival of Ibsen's tragic play at the London Old Vic was in a modern English version by Norman Ginsbury. It is concerned with the consequences of a hereditary disease and in a determinist fashion with the belief that the past is inescapable. Once reviled as a social document causing offence to any decent person, *Ghosts* to-day seems rather a tragic depiction of the vanity of trying to alter the natural forces of life. Miss Robson, leading the Old Vic Company, firmly sustains the successive crises of a family in which "the lie has come home to roost." As the unctuous and grim pastor, Michael Hordern, emphasises those elements of humour which have not been stressed in past English productions.

IN REHEARSAL: Kay Kendall (left) and her husband Rex Harrison share a joke with Gladys Cooper during a rehearsal for *The Bright One* at the Fortune Theatre, in London. The comedy, in which the two actresses are starring, is being produced by Rex Harrison at the same time as he is playing in *My Fair Lady*. Opening in Brighton on November 24, the play is due to reach the Winter Garden Theatre, London, on December 10.

"THE STEPMOTHER": In a scene from the play at the St. Martin's Theatre, in London, are, from left, Maggie Smith as Vere Dane, Kate Reid as the stepmother, and Tim Seely as Stephen.

PLAYS IN LONDON—ON STAGE OR IN REHEARSAL

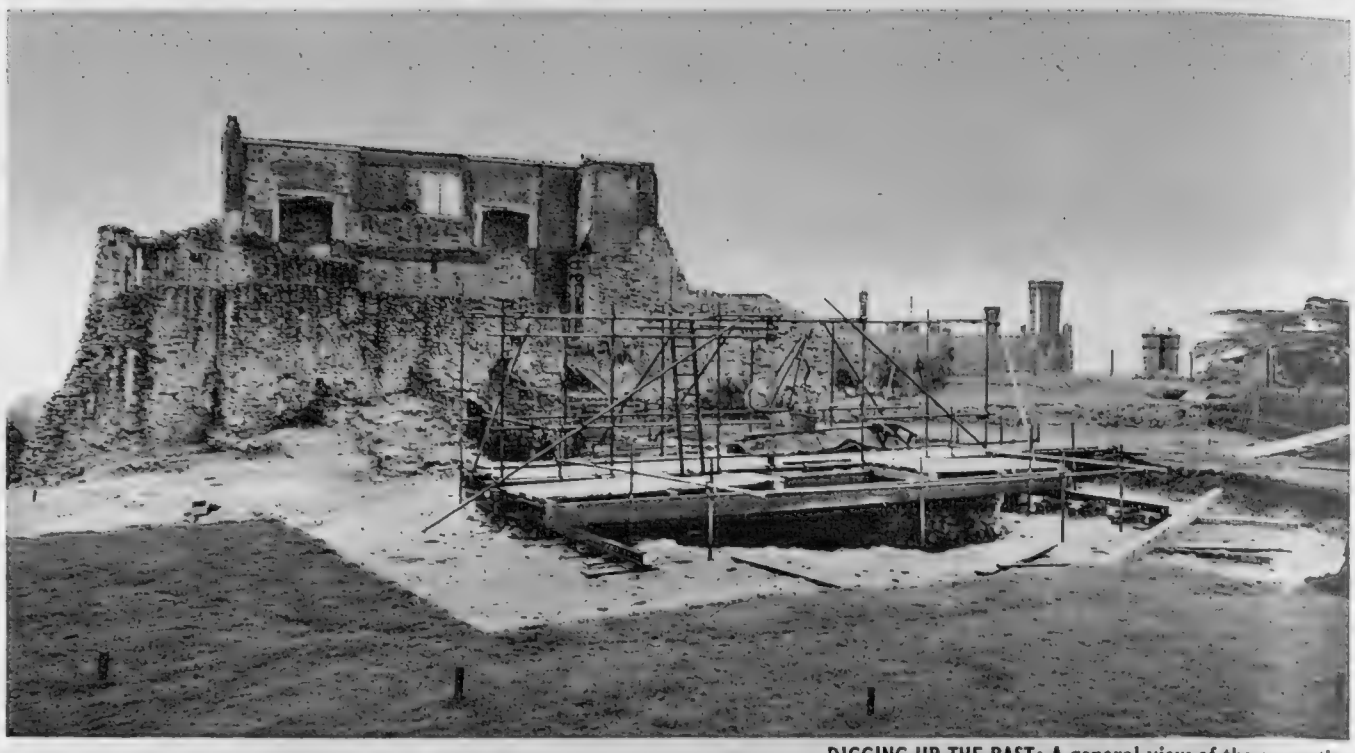
HAUNTED BY THE PAST: In the last act of Warren Chetham-Strode's play *The Stepmother*, Lawrence Ashland, played by Ian Hunter, sits at the tea-table with his second wife, Catherine, played by Kate Reid. The play is a dramatisation of a novel by R. C. Hutchinson. Its plot revolves round a youth, who, as a serving officer, shot one of his men for cowardice. Learning that the man had a wife and child, he decides to marry the woman, Vere Dane, and give the child a good home. The father of the youth, Stephen Ashland, is married to a woman whose love he cannot return. She is the stepmother and it is she who discovers that both father and son are haunted by Julia, her husband's first wife. The play shows how the too-good ghost from the past is exorcised. The production of the carefully-written and well-acted play is by Henry Kaplan.

FARNHAM CASTLE DISCOVERY

Excavations Reveal an "Unparalleled" Method of Construction

One of the most significant results of the excavation work now in progress at Farnham Castle, in Surrey, will probably be a re-assessment of the present theories about the actual date of its construction. The castle has been closed since April and the excavations may continue for several months to come. At the start of the work a trench was cut across the middle of the keep and this revealed that at the centre were the foundations of a tower 50 ft. square. This had stood on an earthen mound which was about 90 ft. in diameter across the top. The mound and foundations of the tower had been built up together (about 1138)—a method of construction which is so far unparalleled in Britain. In the middle of the tower the excavators discovered a shaft measuring about 13 ft. square which they believe probably ended in a well. This is now being explored, and so far the men have gone down to a depth of about 50 ft. A second shaft is to be sunk alongside, so that they can recover a cross-section of the tower's foundations and also of the mound itself. The actual foundations are believed to step down in thickness from a width of 18 ft. at the top.

It now appears that in the twelfth century the tower was apparently pulled down, and the present massive shell-keep built up from the ground-level on the outside. On the inside it had a vertical internal face from about half-way up the mound. Further, it appears that the gap between this wall and the edge of the top of the mound was filled in during the course of the following century. In the fourteenth century several buildings were erected on this platform; the shaft remained open in the middle with a protective wooden housing.



DIGGING UP THE PAST: A general view of the excavation work in progress at Farnham Castle, in Surrey. Archæological investigations are being undertaken with a view to recovering the necessary information regarding the original levels of the mediæval keep. In the foreground is the 13-ft.-square shaft.

FROM THE OUTSIDE: The exterior view of the main front and portcullis entrance of the keep shows the height of the mound. The work at the castle (which has been closed since April) is being undertaken by the Ministry of Works.

INSIDE THE 13-FT.-SQUARE SHAFT OF THE KEEP: So far, the excavators have gone down about 50 ft. It is believed that the shaft probably ended in a well.

ON THE SITE OF THE ORIGINAL KEEP: The shaft, fitted with a temporary covering, is in the centre of the picture. The Ministry of Works state that the full significance of the Farnham shaft has yet to be assessed in the light of the work which remains to be done. In view of this the castle may have to remain closed to the public for several more months.

AN ORIGINAL STAIRWAY ON THE SHELL KEEP: It leads from the portcullis chamber up to the wall walk. The jamb stones on the stairway have been restored.

IN 1755 JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU, son of a watchmaker, and a master of French prose, was re-admitted as a free citizen of his native town of Geneva. In the years immediately following he wrote the three works—*La Nouvelle Heloise, Le Contrat Social and Emile*—which, with his famous *Confessions* were to establish him as one of the great names in French literature.

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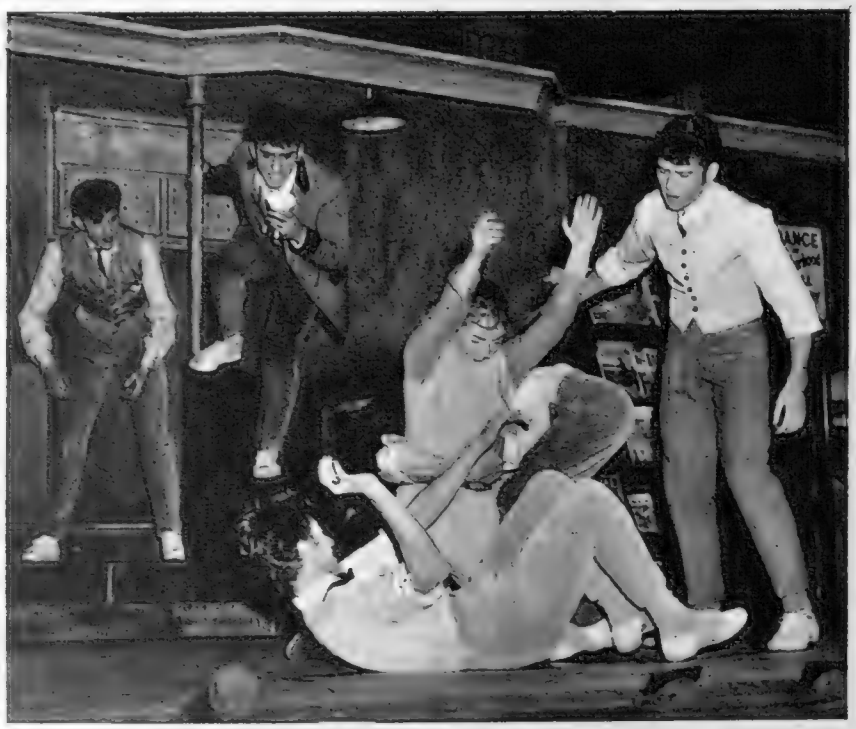
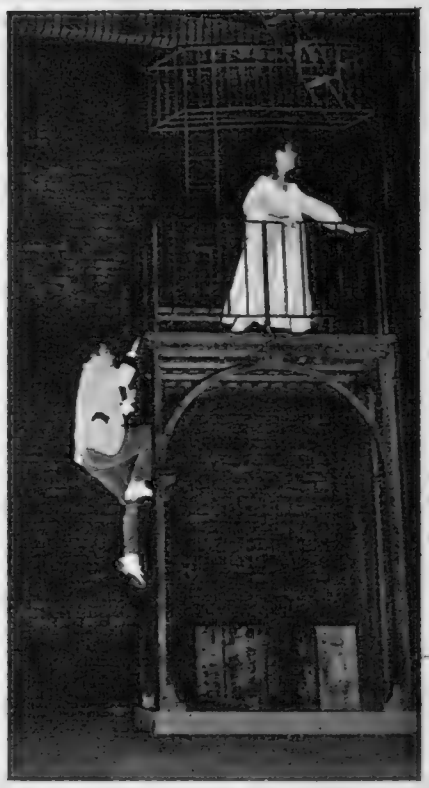
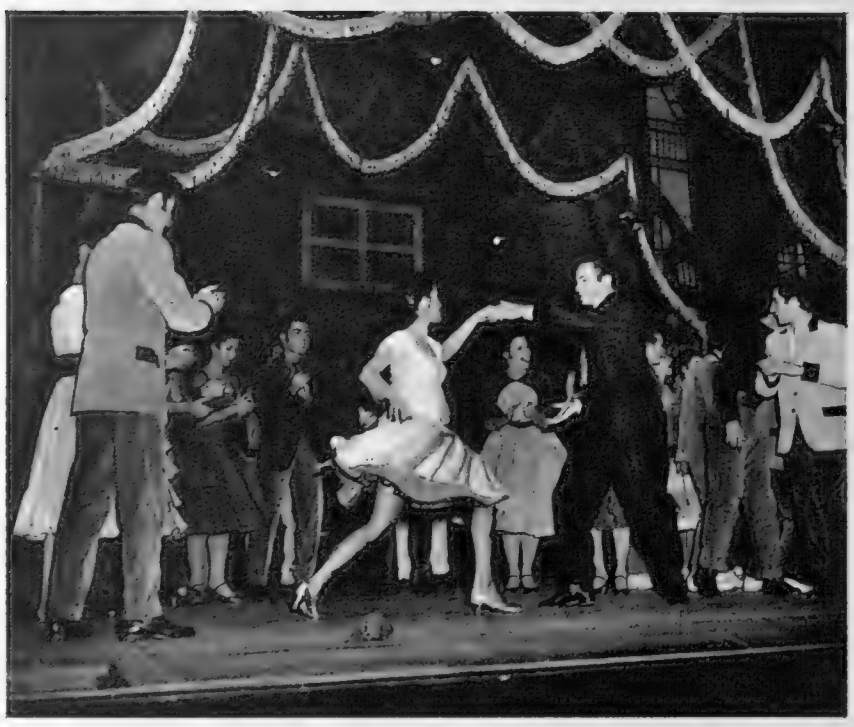




AN ALL-AMERICAN MUSICAL: In this scene from *West Side Story*, which is set among the juvenile delinquents of Manhattan, members of the native-born gang calling themselves the Jets, fight in a corner drug store. The musical, the plot of which is a re-telling in the contemporary terms of modern New York youth of the story of Romeo and Juliet, opened in Manchester last week. It is to reach Her Majesty's Theatre, in London, on December 12. The story is centred round the rivalry of the two gangs, the Jets, and the Puerta Rican Sharks, the teenage children of one of New York's minorities. The ill-fated lovers, a former Jet and the sister of a Shark, are crossed by the hates and jealousies of the rival gangs. *West Side Story* opened in New York in October 1957 and was greeted with almost unanimous praise. The book is by Arthur Laurents, the Broadway playwright and producer, and the composer is Leonard Bernstein, the distinguished and versatile composer and conductor, who also wrote the lyrics with Stephen Sondheim. Perhaps the outstanding virtue of this musical, besides its serious interest in the inarticulate tragedy of juvenile delinquency, is the acrobatic choreography by Jerome Robbins.

On right—

BALCONY SCENE ON A FIRE ESCAPE: Tony, one of the lovers (Don McKay), climbs up the tenement house to woo Maria (Marlys Watters) in *West Side Story*.



IN THE DANCE HALL: The cast are dressed in the bright dresses and the elaborate corduroy jackets and tight trousers worn by members of New York gangs. It is the first American musical with an entirely American cast to visit Britain since *Oklahoma!*

"HOOK, LINE AND SINKER"

The New Comedy by André Roussin at the Piccadilly Theatre, in London

ROBERT MORLEY IN TWO ROLES: He is on the stage as Sebastian Le Boeuf with Joan Plowright as Arlette in *Hook, Line and Sinker*, which opened last Wednesday (November 19) at the Piccadilly Theatre, in London. Mr. Morley has also adapted the play from the French original by André Roussin. The plot of the comedy is concerned with Sebastian Le Boeuf, who wins a large sum in a lottery. He is courted by Arlette for his money and they marry. Then it turns out that he has won nothing at all. This may sound a somewhat slender fabric for humour, but as result of the Roussin-Morley combination it provides a most entertaining evening. Before coming to London, *Hook, Line and Sinker* was seen in Oxford, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow and Edinburgh.

On left—

A SERIOUS MATTER: Sebastian with his trousers half on and half off grimaces at Arlette after he has fallen in the river. The direction is by Stuart Burge and the decor is the work of Bernard Daydé.

A DIFFERENCE IN SENSES OF HUMOUR: Arlette leans back and roars with hysterical laughter while Le Boeuf grabs her.

A SCENE WITH THE BROTHER-IN-LAW: Sebastian Le Boeuf raises his hand to strike Kiki, played by Bernard Cribbins.

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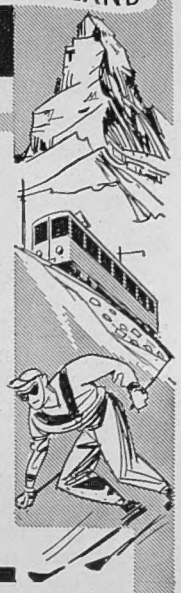

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ONE HOUR FROM LONDON was the theme of a window display at the British Travel and Holidays Association offices in St. James's Street, S.W.1, recently, though I gave it but a cursory glance on my way to catch a train to my home on the Sussex Riviera.

Speeding southwards the carriage wheels seemed to take up the theme "One-hour-from-London," "One-hour-from-London" and my thoughts turned to the many possibilities open to Londoners and visitors even during the winter months.

I recalled photographs in that window of Hampton Court, Windsor Castle, Eton College, St. Albans Abbey and Hatfield House ; so for those who would visit or revisit these British heritages I suggest the following reliable hotels, in their respective vicinities, be it for a meal or a night. The historic Mitre at Hampton Court, The Hinds Head at Bray (for Eton and Windsor visitors), The Noke Hotel near St. Albans (it is situated at the junction of the Watford By-Pass and the Watford–St. Albans road), and The Salisbury at Hatfield.

The lure of good food and wine will be for some of us a sufficient excuse in itself to escape from the roar of London's traffic. Taking pad and pencil I jotted down the following, all well within an hour's run of the metropolis. On or within a few yards of the London–Eastbourne road, Dorincourt Hotel, Warlingham, Surrey (turn left by Whyteleafe Station), White Lodge Hotel at Blindley Heath and, on the south side of East Grinstead, beyond Forest Row, The Roebuck Hotel and Restaurant at Wych Cross. Note, too, to the right of the London–Eastbourne road the turning off the West Hoathley–East Grinstead road leading to Turners Hill, West Hoathley and Lindfield, for thereabouts you will be on the scent of particularly good catering at that lovely Elizabethan Gravetye Manor Hotel.

Via the London–Portsmouth road one can take one's choice within the hour from London of The Mayflower Club and Restaurant at Cobham and, beyond Guildford, Bramley Grange Hotel (on Guildford–Horsham road).

Taking the western exit from London one can now, thanks to the Cromwell Road extension, be at Maidenhead and beyond within the hour. My recommendations ? The Hinds Head at Bray already referred to, The Old Bell at Hurley, and The Compleat Angler at Marlow. Leaving London by Western Avenue, The Bull at Gerrards Cross, with an afternoon potter through Burnham Beeches, makes a pleasant objective. Writing of this part of the countryside I am reminded that overseas readers in particular often ask for a moderately-priced residential hotel, where within an hour from London they can radiate around viewing such historical houses as the home of William Penn, founder of Pennsylvania, the Quaker Meeting House at Jordans, Milton's cottage at Chalfont St. Giles and, of course, Stoke Poges of Gray's *Elegy* fame.

The answer is Ken House at Chesham Bois, owned and personally run by Mr. and Mrs. Barry Upton, who I have known for a number of years. House-hunters, business people, as well as overseas visitors have found Ken House a most useful hotel, with London reached within the hour by train to Marylebone or Baker Street.

I must have dozed off, for I cannot recall anything further of my journey until the train pulled up with a jerk at Pulborough, one hour and ten minutes from Victoria. Viewing the weathered tower of Pulborough Church on its sandstone ridge, my mind turned to the fifteenth and sixteenth-century Chequers Hotel facing the churchyard lych-gate. For many years this cosy first-class hotel in miniature has been under the personal supervision of its owners, Mr. and Mrs. Stormont.

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Reaching home, a telephone message from the office said an enquiry had just come through for some agreeable spot an hour's run from Birmingham. One of the charms of this compact little island embracing England, Scotland and Wales is that within an hour of all our big centres of population it is so easy to enjoy the countryside. Birmingham is one of the easiest cities to escape from in Britain. Around it is a ring road and—provided one does not remain in orbit as I once did—many delightful possibilities lie within an hour's run. Stratford-on-Avon is an obvious choice, 24 miles south. Choice of hotels include that restful country hotel sponsored by The British Transport Commission, The Welcome Hotel, The Swan's Nest by the old bridge, and in the town the venerable Shakespeare Hotel, a worthy member of the Trust House Hotels group.

A further 15 miles south-west brings one to that doyen of English inns The Lygon Arms at Broadway, which always seems to me especially cosy on a winter's night. In the height of the summer holiday season accommodation is hard to come by, and though it is easier during the winter months, it would still be advisable to telephone through to Broadway 2255, for with the opening of the Russell Room, The Lygon Arms is in increasing demand for social occasions and business get-togethers. For those whose purse cannot swell to Lygon Arms standards I would suggest in Broadway itself the twelve-bedroom Broadway Hotel which, like so much of this famous village, is rich in oak beams, mullioned windows and lovely stone fireplaces. Here Mrs. Ruddle would seem to foster the winter visitor, for an efficient central-heating system fills with warmth that eye attraction, the galleried lounge.

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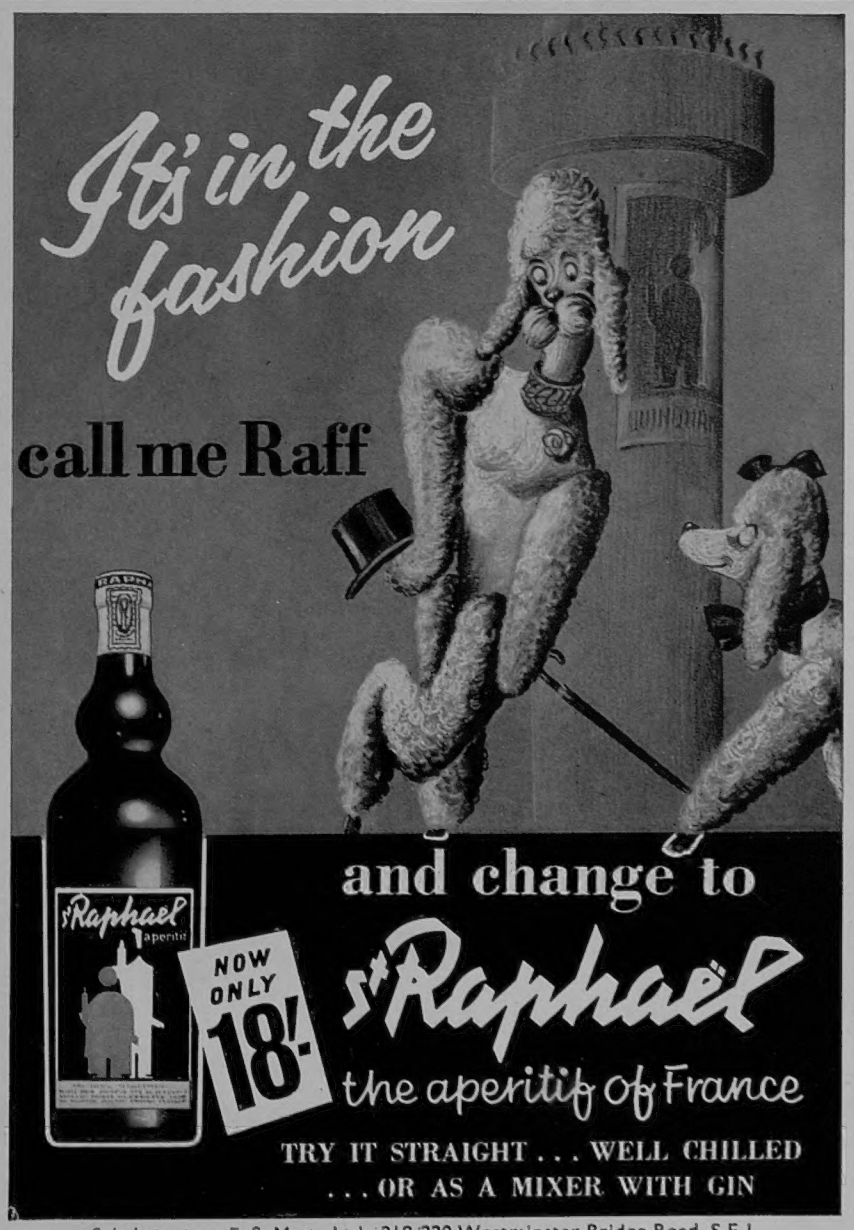

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